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THE WAR.

THE Emperor NAPOLEON has thought it necessary to remind France of his existence. He wishes to inform all whom it may concern that he was betrayed by fortune, that he admired the resistance of the country, that he thinks the Government of National Defence ought to be punished, and that he is still the Elect of France, and the only capable person ready and willing to govern it. The absent are always in the wrong, and the Emperor might be wise in thinking that already he, on whose lips and words of wisdom all Europe so lately hung attentive, was in danger of being actually forgotten. The stream of events seemed rushing by and leaving him alone and unremembered on a shelf. He had to do a most difficult task; he had to acknowledge his failure, to account for it, and to let it be understood that he still believed his Empire to be going on. This was a very hard and puzzling thing to do with gravity and decency, and perhaps the Emperor has done it as successfully as most men would have done it. He knows pretty well by this time how to write for the French taste. He dashes at once into the middle of things, and solemnly announces that he was betrayed by fortune. Every Frenchman who gets into a bad scrape at once sets it down that he has been betrayed by somebody, and an Emperor who has had the conduct of affairs entirely in his own hands can at least rail against luck, or his star, or some vague thing that has been too powerful even for him. The whole of the Emperor's history, from the declaration of war to Sedan, is thus brushed away from his memory and from that of his readers. He was betrayed by fortune; that is all; and the best and wisest of men may be betrayed by fortune. If France could but entirely forget all that happened six months ago, the Emperor might really feel himself again. He provoked a perfectly unnecessary war, he allowed himself to be first goaded on and then bullied and bandied about by a little clique of tenth-rate military men and Ultramontanes; he who had been spending the money of France for years had no army, no commander, no intendants, no stores ready. He showed himself incapable alike of advancing to attack, or of organizing a defensive campaign. He suffered himself to be told by a knot of incapable women and officials at Paris to lead his best troops to the overwhelming disaster of Sedan. And then he gets over all this by simply stating that he was betrayed by fortune. He was quite right; for if France remembers anything he might as well address proclamations to the winds as to her; if she decides on remembering nothing, she may as well hide herself under the cover of the formula that her Emperor was betrayed by fortune as under any other. The Emperor has judged rightly of the situation. So long as he had only to contrast his Government with that of the Government of National Defence he might hope that in her weariness and misery France might wish to blot out a humiliating memory altogether, and get her old Saviour of Society back again. But the elections were quite another thing. An Assembly elected by the whole nation, and composed of men coming up from provinces desolated or menaced by the war he wantonly provoked, and from constituencies sacrificed by the hollow and corrupt system he had for years imposed on France, will have another reading of history than that it was fortune that betrayed the prisoner of Cassel. The constitution of such an Assembly, which will nominate a Government that will be immediately recognised by neutral Powers as entitled to speak for France, at once puts the forgotten Emperor aside, and reduces him to the rank of a Pretender. This is the Emperor's last speech, his last appeal. He could but protest; and he has protested that if France would but pretend to know nothing of the causes of the national

calamities of last August, he would come back and govern beautifully, and keep the churches clean. At present all that is not ignoble in France appears to prefer an Assembly, and an order of things which shall at least be new, and raise hopes of something better than the Empire.

Another celebrity also at this moment makes his bow to France and leaves her, finding that her ways are not his ways, and that she does not want him. GARIBALDI has gone back to Caprera, and it must be acknowledged that the news has everywhere been heard with relief and satisfaction. It is comforting to know that the foolish old man has not been hurt or killed, and that he has not ended a career once so brilliant in an enterprise so little creditable to him. He has not done any good to France, and he has not got any thanks from France. The French did not at all like him and his wayward adventurers. Those of his followers who really fought despised the raw French lads who shrank by their side from the horrors of war. We now know the truth as to both parts of the brilliant picture which M. GAMBETTA drew of what would have been done in the East if M. JULES FAVRE had not mismanaged matters so dreadfully with regard to the armistice. The Germans were saved by the culpable rashness of M. FAVRE, as M. GAMBETTA explained, for a most brilliant manoeuvre was on the point of being executed which would have annihilated them. BOURBAKI, with his 80,000 men, was going to turn round suddenly and face his pursuers, while GARIBALDI, with 50,000 men, was going to take them in the rear and cut them to pieces. The extravagance of representing BOURBAKI's starving rabble as likely to turn on their pursuers was obvious to the readers of M. GAMBETTA's fiery words; but it was not easy to say what were the real facts about GARIBALDI. The history of the last days of the military command of GARIBALDI in France is now revealed. It is simple enough. He had got somewhere about half the force that M. GAMBETTA assigned to him. When MANTEUFFEL wanted to get by him to crush BOURBAKI, he sent a small force to attack GARIBALDI at Dijon, and occupy his attention. GARIBALDI obtained an easy success, and had no more notion than a child that he was being fooled into quietly throwing away the last chance of saving BOURBAKI. He waited until the Germans came back after driving BOURBAKI's troops into Switzerland, and then he was told he must go away from Dijon, which he did. So ended the army of the Vosges, as his motley force was called, and his exploits as a general of France. It is not his fault that he showed himself incompetent to conduct the operations of regular war, for he had already shown this in the Tyrol, and the French who accepted him as a general knew that, except by a chance, he could do no good. But he came as an enthusiast to enthusiasts, and it was his enthusiasm that was really acceptable. He cast the mantle of the Universal Republic over the naked and trembling shoulders of the Government of National Defence. It is true that the bigoted intolerance which is one of the marks of the Universal Republic, and which showed itself on the part of the Garibaldians in insulting the religious feelings of the people they supposed themselves to be saving, caused many inconveniences to the Government under which GARIBALDI acted. But he had at least one recommendation to a Republican Government; he was a Republican, and he was the only Republican general to be found. The undoubted courage of himself and his men afforded a useful set-off to the equally undoubted courage of the Pontifical Zouaves. It was something to have one real bit of Republican enthusiasm in the armies of a Republic. But the day for enthusiasm and spasmodic local efforts is over, and that of business, and soberness, and national action, is begun; and GARIBALDI very properly retires from a scene and a sphere so alien to his habits and tastes.

The Germans, with their wonted foresight and activity, are said to be making every preparation for resuming the war if peace cannot be made. Large bodies of troops have been sent southwards and eastwards, so as to be able without losing a day to begin their march on Lyons. This is only what prudence bids them do, for nothing yet has been concluded more than a short armistice, which, as at first arranged, would have expired to-morrow, and is now only to last until next Friday. But there is now apparently no chance of the war going on. There are no French armies left; CHANZY has been to Paris to explain that his force cannot be relied on, and FAIDHERBE, while in a general way informing his men that they must be ready to fight the enemy again if necessary, added a very significant hint that the next occasion when their martial valour would be taxed would very probably be in fighting, not against Germans, but against Frenchmen. When a General has got to explaining to his troops that their chief use will be to keep order at home, the enemy may make himself tolerably comfortable about them. The Assembly is proceeding to name a Government that will treat for peace. So confident are the Germans of peace that it is said the sick are to be moved out of the barracks in Germany to make way for the troops on their return. There is as great a longing for peace in the German army almost as there would have been in the French armies, if there had been any French army to speak of. As to the terms of peace, it becomes more and more clear that there are only two points really at issue. Will the Germans insist on retaining Metz? and will they insist on marching through Paris? These two questions appear of almost equal importance, at any rate to the Parisians. Count BISMARCK has said that he must and will have Metz, and the Germans appear at present inclined to insist on marching through Paris, partly to gratify the soldiery, but much more to make it evident to the Parisians that they have been conquered. There is no other nation and no other capital as to which such an argument could be necessary. But Frenchmen and Paris will always say that the Germans did not march through Paris because they dared not. The Parisians are quite capable of believing that the real reason why King WILLIAM and his men do not march through Paris is because they are afraid of the ridiculous little holes which the Parisians dug in the side-paths of the Bois de Boulogne. If the Germans care to make the Parisians realize that they have been beaten altogether, they must march through Paris. But whether it is worth while to produce this effect on the Parisians, while to forbear to do so would promote the revival of good feeling between the two nations as nothing else could do, is another matter. If the Germans would forbear to march through Paris, and would agree that Metz should be dismantled, not ceded to them, there would be scarcely a difficulty about peace that could not be settled in an afternoon. But it must be acknowledged that on both points the Germans have to judge for themselves and to look at the consequences very practically, and they cannot go so fast as neutrals, who have only a remote interest in the decision, and who like to leap at any solution which seems calculated to make things comfortable and let trade revive and flourish.

THE GOVERNMENT ARMY SCHEME.

THE value of any project of administrative reform, and especially of Army Reform, must always depend in great measure upon detail, and until we have had an opportunity of examining the provisions of Mr. CARDWELL's measure, it would be premature to pronounce a final opinion upon it. But thus much at least may be said—it is a far larger scheme than any one expected, and it contains within it the germs of much possible good and much possible evil. Which will predominate, and to what extent, it is difficult to say until it is seen how the outline is to be filled up, and what modifications are likely to be engrafted upon it in the course of years. The broad features of the plan are the abolition of purchase, the maintenance of the Army and Militia in adequate strength by voluntary enlistment, the gradual formation of an Army Reserve, and the closer union of the different elements of our defensive forces. Any measure which effected these objects in a satisfactory way would be a great army reform. To get rid of purchase will be an immense good, provided that it is not replaced by something as bad or worse. To keep up our military strength by voluntary enlistment would be an admirable plan if there were good reason to suppose that the requisite number of recruits will be forthcoming. To form an Army Reserve is not only a sound but an indispensable part of any system of army organization, and it only remains to be seen whether we are

likely to get a Reserve of adequate strength within a reasonable time. To promote the union of all our defensive forces is a meritorious proposal, if the amalgamation is made a reality, and if the efficiency of each of the component parts is in no way impaired.

How far do Mr. CARDWELL's proposals satisfy these conditions? And first let us consider the substitute for the purchase system. When purchase is abolished, it is to be replaced by the principle of selection. This, of course, might mean selection by merit, selection by seniority, or selection by favouritism. Mr. CARDWELL tells us that it would not be safe to entrust the power of selection to himself and his successors in office, because it would be sure to result in a system of political jobbery. This may be true, and if so we are sorry for it. But the power must be placed somewhere, and even when political corruption is excluded, there is always the danger that selection may slide into seniority, or degenerate into social favouritism. To obviate as far as may be the one danger, the depositary of this vast amount of patronage should be a man with knowledge enough to judge of the merits of candidates for promotion, and moral courage enough to disregard the clamour which incompetent seniority is certain to raise. To mitigate the abuse of social influence, he should be liable to be called upon to justify any appointment that may be impeached, and should not hold his office long enough to make promotion flow for years in one predestined channel. Mr. CARDWELL's proposal seems to disregard both these obvious requirements. He would give back to the Commander-in-Chief nearly all the independence in the matter of promotion of which the last Queen's Warrant deprived him, leaving only a bare veto and a nominal responsibility in the Minister for War; and he would make an appointment, which above all others needs to be limited in time, a special exception to the five years' rule. The way this would work would be to establish the rule of seniority, qualified by social influence in exceptional cases, and practically to destroy all real responsibility. If the Clan CAMPBELL were put in command of half the regiments of the service, it would be useless to complain. The Minister would rise in his place, and say that it was not for him to exercise his veto unless he knew that the officer selected was incompetent—that he had the greatest confidence in the judgment and impartiality of his noble or illustrious friend, as the case might be, and had no doubt that the fortunate officer who had been selected would always do honour to the distinguished name which he bore, and worthily maintain the prestige of the regiment entrusted to his charge. No one would do this kind of thing better than Mr. CARDWELL, and so army promotion would drift into a system of irresponsible favouritism. The scheme will need much alteration in this respect.

The question between voluntary enlistment and compulsory service is simple enough. Voluntary enlistment is clearly the best possible method, if it will give all the numbers required for Army, Militia, and Reserve. But then every one knows that it will do nothing of the sort. Mr. CARDWELL's attempt to prove that it would suffice was simply ludicrous. He did not venture to say what our annual requirements, even in time of peace, would be; but, with the short service system on which he relies for his Reserve, the number of recruits to be raised every year for the Army and Militia must be very large indeed, and of course in time of war we should want very many more. Could we get them? "Oh certainly," says Mr. CARDWELL; "why the recruiting last year began at harvest-time, and yet we almost immediately obtained 20,000 additional men." Mr. CARDWELL is always remarkably precise and accurate, except when he is dealing with facts. Now the facts are, that 20,000 additional men were voted just at the commencement of the late war, and the army was not increased by 20,000 additional men by the time that France lay prostrate at the feet of her enemy. It is not very long since Mr. CARDWELL admitted at Oxford that he had not then got 20,000 recruits altogether, including not only the "additional men," but also the recruits required to fill up vacancies. If "almost immediately" means the whole interval between the commencement of war and utter defeat, we should like to get our recruits when we want them, not almost, but quite immediately. As yet the sufficiency of voluntary enlistment is not only not proved, but not at all likely to be proved, and in this respect also the Government scheme must be modified if it is meant to work.

Of the Reserve project we can say nothing until we see what it is, except that it is clearly not intended to be efficient this year, the numbers hoped for (not yet secured) in the First Class Reserve being put at the magnificent figure of 9,000. This is the point on which the Government scheme

will need the closest scrutiny. An army without a Reserve means capitulation after the first reverse.

The proposed alterations in the status of the Militia, and especially of the Militia officers, seem good as far as they go. The interchange of officers between the Army and the Militia, if it does not practically become a dead letter, will be very beneficial, and the additional training proposed for the recruits will add to the efficiency of the force without excessive pressure upon the men. The abolition of the privileges absurdly given to Lords-Lieutenant is too obviously right to be questioned. All commissions ought to emanate directly from the QUEEN, as it seems they are intended in future to do.

The observations as to the Volunteers are the most obscure part of Mr. CARDWELL's speech. They are consistent alike with a desire to increase the efficiency of this ultimate Reserve, which good Volunteers above all things desire, and with an intention to improve them off the face of the earth. Which of these is really the Minister's object we shall learn hereafter, but he may as well be told at once that if he means to drive Volunteers into permanent engagements, which would prevent a man from leaving his corps when business engagements required a change of residence to the other end of the kingdom, or perhaps of the world, or if he wishes to subject a Volunteer private to the punishments of the Mutiny Act if his employer will not allow him to be punctual in presenting himself on Wimbledon Common, he may just as well introduce a Bill at once prohibiting any man from becoming or continuing a Volunteer under the penalties of a premonition. Happily these ominous threats are vaguely expressed, and may perhaps be filtered down to nothing in the actual measure. The proposal to reject as an efficient any man who does not learn to handle his rifle with some approach to skill is sound enough, if the consequent diminution of the capitation grant is balanced in some other way; but Mr. CARDWELL's characteristic unfairness was shown by the observation that a Volunteer was only required to shoot sixty rounds, which he (Mr. CARDWELL) had seen done in two minutes. This, again, is true to the letter; but Mr. CARDWELL of course knows that Volunteers do not live in the marker's butt, and that a man is very lucky indeed if, by giving up a whole day to it, he can get to his range, and find an opportunity of shooting his three classes without a second visit to the butts. The two minutes really mean sometimes one, and often more than one, entire day devoted to class shooting. It is quite right to exact this as a duty, but surely it might be done without sneering at sacrifices which are not the less serious to most of the Volunteers because they are cheerfully made.

ENGLAND, FRANCE, AND GERMANY.

THE Correspondence respecting the war which has just been laid before Parliament is full of the most varied interest. It offers a connected series of materials for forming a judgment on the conduct of the English Government towards the belligerents, and on the policy which the belligerents have adopted at each stage of the conflict. Lord GRANVILLE has had to play a difficult part throughout, and has played it exceedingly well. He has kept on good terms with both France and Germany, he has made himself respected and looked up to by the belligerents and by the chief neutral Powers, and in a frank and consistent manner he has on every occasion stated precisely what have been the views of the English Government, and the grounds on which they were based. He has throughout adhered to a few leading and elementary propositions, from which neither neutrals nor belligerents have been able to induce him to depart. The chief of these were that England would make no attempt at mediation unless with the concurrence of both belligerents, nor unless some common understanding had been arrived at which rendered the success of mediation probable; that where military questions came in, as in the scope of a proposed armistice, England would rigidly abstain from offering any opinion, and that England would not formally recognise the Government of National Defence until it had received an express recognition from the French nation. On each of these heads he was most earnestly pressed by the French Government to give way. M. JULES FAVRE, M. THIERS, and M. TISSOT were equally vehement in insisting that England owed it to France as a long and faithful ally, and to herself as a principal member of the European community, to record an opinion that Germany was wrong in asking for any part of French territory. It was explained that France did not at all expect England to go to war, and that all that was wanted was a strong expression of opinion to guide the sentiments of the rest of Europe. Nor

was it only the French Government that urged this. Austria and Italy entreated England over and over again to head a sort of demonstration of the Neutral Powers against the exacting ambition of Germany. Lord GRANVILLE went so far as to ask Russia whether she shared in this wish, and received for answer that the Czar preferred to communicate his views privately to the King of Prussia, but thought that any positive expression of neutral opinion would be inopportune. The Germans had stated that they must and would have territory, and no nation could pretend to stop them which did not mean to go to war with Germany. This was exactly what Lord GRANVILLE had said, and kept on saying. In the same way, when the French Government attempted to treat the failure of M. THIERS' mission through the refusal of the Germans to permit Paris to be revictualled as an insult to the Neutral Powers, and especially to England, Lord GRANVILLE resolutely declined to see any insult in the matter. He had brought the parties together to see whether they could agree to an armistice, and it turned out that they could not agree. One asked what the other thought too great a military advantage, and Lord GRANVILLE, while deeply regretting that the negotiation failed, could not in any way interfere. It is true that to both parties he expressed an opinion, as "a man, and not as a Minister," that they had been a little too obstinate. The opinion is not elucidated by any comments, as Lord GRANVILLE had to be very reserved, and we confess we do not find anything in the correspondence to show what was meant. M. THIERS, if he could but have carried his point generally, was willing that the revictualing should be as limited in time and quantity as possible. It was in connexion with the Black Sea Conference that the question of the recognition by England of the French Government was most warmly urged. But then, among other reasons, which M. TISSOT adduced, one was that to recognise the French Government at that particular moment would show in a conspicuous manner the sympathy of England with France; and it was not for England, as presiding over a Conference on one subject, to use it as a means of showing where her sympathies lay on a different question. The English Government has had only one safe rule to go by, and it wisely kept to it, and that is, to recognise formally no Government until the assent of the nation to its existence relieves foreign Powers from the suspicion of wishing to recommend it to the nation.

The Republican Government of France imported from its origin peculiar difficulties into the action of its friends, and into every attempt to arrive at peace or an armistice. This may have been the misfortune rather than the fault of M. JULES FAVRE and his colleagues, but still it was so. Lord GRANVILLE is always having to express gentle regrets over something which the new friends he is corresponding with at Paris have done or seem likely to do. The new Government set out with the famous declaration that they would yield neither an inch of territory nor a stone of any fortress. This may have been necessary in order to assure their political position, and to allay that deep suspicion of treason which each successive batch of French statesmen has to encounter. But it threw an obstacle in the way of peace which Lord GRANVILLE openly lamented. The Governments most friendly to France took the same view. The Government of Italy thought that the most France could hope for would be an arrangement by which the Eastern fortresses would be dismantled instead of being ceded, and the Government of the United States at once intimated a doubt whether territory must not be ceded as well as a good many stones of the fortresses thrown down. On the very morning when M. JULES FAVRE met Count BISMARCK at Ferrières, a proclamation was issued at Paris repeating this embarrassing and heroic declaration, and the proclamation bore the name of M. FAVRE. Count BISMARCK, a week before the interview at Ferrières, had issued a manifesto in which he merely spoke generally of the demand which Germany would make for some French fortresses. At Ferrières he insisted principally on Strasburg, merely stating that a further addition of the Moselle country, including Metz, would comport with German views. A week afterwards he distinctly stated that Metz and Strasburg were what Germany meant to have. M. FAVRE had cut away the ground on which he might have rested if he had tried to give up Strasburg and as little else as possible. He forced the Germans to formulate their demands; and he rejoiced in doing this because it stirred up France to a new and fierce determination to defend the sacred soil. In the next place, the new Government had not only a precarious tenure of office, but they were very new to business. M. FAVRE was quite incapable of talking on business from a business point

of view. He was always asking himself how he was looking in the capacity of a French patriot. When Count BISMARCK remarked that Strasburg might be regarded as conquered, on account of the position to which the Germans had then brought their works of attack, M. FAVRE would not go into the argument at all, and merely insisted that the garrison of Strasburg was so noble and so brave. Not so much from a wish to misrepresent as from an incapacity of seeing what was and what was not true, he and his colleagues misled France very much by declaring that Count BISMARCK had asked for Mont Valérien. What Count BISMARCK had said was that, if the Assembly was to meet at Paris, as communications would be restored between the capital and the provinces, he must ask for a fort, but that he was quite willing that the Assembly should meet at Tours, and then there would be no reason why a fort near Paris should be required. Had it fallen to the lot of an experienced statesman like M. THIERS to represent France, had he been commissioned by a settled Government, and had he been fettered by no pledges, he might in the middle of September, we are inclined to think, have made peace and saved Metz to France. Lastly, the French Government never exactly knew what its own position was or ought to be. It repeatedly acknowledged that in order to bind France it ought to have the sanction of a National Assembly, and for some time it professed to be eager that such an Assembly should be got together. Lord GRANVILLE was always urging it in this direction. But first the elections were postponed for a fortnight, then they were postponed indefinitely, and then the Councils-General were suspended. As military measures, and as conducing to unity of purpose for carrying on the war, these acts of the Government may have been defensible; but if nothing was to be thought of but war, there was no occasion to ask, as the French Government so constantly asked, for the interference of England. What the French Government wanted was, for the purposes of the war, to annihilate all the machinery for the expression of a desire for peace, if such a desire existed; while the English Government was to be stimulated into interference, as if France was doing all it could to make this interference likely to turn out well. Lord GRANVILLE saw clearly enough the consequences of this inconsistency, and the dangers into which he might be driven if he did not make it quite clear that he would not interfere on such terms.

Nothing is made more conspicuous by these papers than the anxiety felt by the Germans as to their military position. They miscalculated the resistance which Paris would make, but they would not in negotiating give up a single point which they thought of military importance. They would not allow an Assembly to meet in Paris unless they were satisfied by the cession to them of a fort that the renewal of the resistance of Paris would be impossible. It has often been said that Count MOLTKE and Count BISMARCK have differed on many points that have sprung out of the war; and there are many indications in these papers that there was some such divergence of opinion in the German councils, and that Count BISMARCK was inclined to be moderate after his degree, and wished the war to end, and saw the political difficulties which Germany might be creating for itself, while his rival was always urging the necessity of thinking only how to carry on the war so as to lose no advantage that could be obtained. Lord GRANVILLE asked that Paris might not be bombarded, and his request was favourably received, and for a long time the bombardment was deferred. Perhaps, as correspondents from Versailles have told us, one reason why the bombardment was not begun sooner was that the Germans were not ready; but at any rate Lord GRANVILLE seems to have been under the impression that, for some time after it had been possible to bombard Paris, the Germans had delayed, and that this delay was in some measure due to his interposition. The Germans absolutely declined to let Paris be in any way re-victualled, and Count BISMARCK had to break off his negotiations with M. THIERS because he was instructed that no concession on this head was possible. Count BISMARCK was really anxious that an Assembly should meet, and he probably would have yielded something rather than see all hope of an Assembly being called break down; but Count MOLTKE must have been inexorable, and have looked only to the risk his army would run by even a fortnight or three weeks being added to the time during which Paris could hold out. We must own that we think events have shown that he was right, and that the German position round Paris was so full of danger that the possibility of diplomatic successes could scarcely be set against the peril of giving Paris three weeks more breathing-time while the armies behind the Loire

were being organized. In the arrangements for the present armistice, the papers relating to which close the volume, the same spirit of rigid exaction and extreme precaution appears. The Germans got every military advantage out of the armistice which it was possible for them to get. All they conceded was, that Paris should be left to do its own police work, and that during the armistice they would stay outside the city. The chief impressions this correspondence leaves are that Lord GRANVILLE kept in the right road because he stuck to two or three simple principles, and neither scolded nor preached; that the French have begged for interference while they made useful interference impossible; and that the Germans have been often harsh and exacting; partly, perhaps, because it is their nature to be so, but chiefly because their great strategist realized more fully than any one else the magnitude of the risks they were running.

TURKEY AND THE CONFERENCE.

THE change which was said to have affected the policy of the Porte might perhaps, if it had really occurred, have smoothed over the unpleasant duties of the English and Austrian plenipotentiaries in the Conference. If the Turks think that they no longer require protection against Russia, they furnish a plausible excuse for abandoning the stipulations which were nominally made for their benefit. That a romantic and disinterested regard for the welfare of Turkey induced England, France, and Austria to insist on the neutralization of the Black Sea, is an allowable diplomatic fiction. To the SULTAN indeed and to his Ministers the prohibition against the passage of the Straits by foreign ships of war may have appeared to have been an infringement of sovereign rights, but the provisions of the treaty were both really and ostensibly designed as a check on Russian ambition. The engagements by which Russia purchased relief from a ruinous war have been rudely broken; and if they are not to be enforced, it might have been convenient that Turkish levity should have served as a pretext for submission to Russian dictation. The SULTAN and his Ministers have in fact displayed in the late transactions a dignity and foresight which may be envied by their patronizing allies. Perceiving from the first that the English Government would concede all the demands of Russia, they declined to insist on a useless protest against the form of the proceeding. At the same time they expressed their readiness to go all lengths in opposition to Russian encroachments if only they were encouraged by England. In former times the Turkish Government claimed and exercised absolute power over the navigation of the Dardanelles and the Bosphorus. Modern Conventions, ending with the Treaty of 1856, have in the interest of Europe and of Turkey herself converted into a duty the right of excluding ships of war from the approaches of the Black Sea. It is evidently easier and safer to found an objection to the passage of a Russian fleet on the public law of Europe than on the discretion of the Porte; but as the SULTAN is abandoned by his allies, he is compelled to resort to material preparations instead of legal securities. Even if the Turks had really been disposed to cultivate friendly relations with their ancient enemy, a strong and determined Power would pay little attention to caprices which ought in no degree to modify the consistent policy of England in the East; but from the moment at which Count BISMARCK's proposal for a Conference was accepted the game of Russia was virtually won. It only remained to cover an inevitable retreat by any decorous contrivance.

While the Conference restores to the SULTAN his ancient control over the Straits, none of its members can really believe that the power of refusing a passage will be maintained longer than it may suit the convenience of Russia to submit to the restriction. The Conference will have established a precedent for the rule that the Russian Government is not bound by any compact which it may profess to regard as inconsistent with its dignity; and the confinement of the Russian fleet to the inland waters might be deemed not less humiliating than the prohibition against constructing a navy. However solemn may be the sanctions of the forthcoming Convention, Mr. GLADSTONE, or some like-minded successor, may calmly assure a future House of Commons that he never either attached the smallest value to the guarantee of the SULTAN's sovereignty over the Straits, or thought it possible to prevent Russian fleets from passing the Dardanelles at pleasure. The abstract recognition of the validity of treaties with which the Conference seems to have amused itself must be interpreted by the original object of the assem-

blage and by its results. It may perhaps henceforth be regarded as a principle of international law that, although a Government may not arbitrarily repudiate a treaty, it is entitled to be relieved by the machinery of a Conference from any obligation which it may regard as onerous. The rule, like other similar propositions, is of course so far elastic that only the larger flies will enjoy the privilege of breaking through the diplomatic web. They may take who have the power, provided they comply with the formality of asking the helpless owners whether they think that they can keep their property. It is not difficult to form a conjectural estimate of the duration of the new arrangement. During the completion of the arsenals and fortified ports at Nicolaieff and elsewhere, and until the proposed fleet is constructed and equipped, it will be for the interest of Russia that the Black Sea should be closed to intruders. In the meantime Turkish ships of war will pass freely in and out of the Straits with the present acquiescence of Russia. As the preparations in the Russian ports advance, occasional remonstrances will be heard; and at the proper time it will be announced that, in consequence of the menacing attitude of the lamb, further confinement or exclusion from the fold will be regarded by the wolf as an intolerable insult. The alternative of a free admission into the Black Sea of the men of war of all nations will not necessarily be suggested. It would be more agreeable to Russia that the passage of the Straits should become the joint monopoly of the two Powers which abut upon the waters of the Black Sea. It ought not to be forgotten that Russian ambition has in former times attained its objects with the complicity of the Porte. The policy which found expression nearly thirty years ago in the Treaty of Unkari Skelessi was with difficulty counteracted by the skill and courage of Lord PALMERSTON. In default of the maintenance of the treaty of 1856, the best security against the dangers which would have been averted by neutralization would have been the free admission of all foreign vessels into the Black Sea. The right of the SULTAN to let them pass at his own discretion will be limited by the fear of Russian complaints against a partial exercise of his sovereign power.

The reliance which the Turks have learned to place on their naval and military strength may not improbably involve them in serious dangers. The fulfilment of their rumoured intention of occupying the Danubian Principalities in the contingency of political disturbance would be in the highest degree imprudent. Although judicious politicians abstain from allowing their religious predilections to influence their judgment of Eastern affairs, a Mahometan invasion or occupation of a nominally Christian country would shock the prejudices of Europe. The passage of a Turkish army across the Danube would be equivalent to the construction for Russia of a bridge over the Pruth; and it would at the same time unite the anarchical factions of Moldavia and Wallachia in a common hostility to Turkey. The feudal or titular supremacy of the Porte over the Principalities was retained on the implied condition that it should not be practically exercised. In the height of Ottoman power no Mahometan was allowed to reside in the Principalities. Turkish soldiers, notwithstanding their high military qualities, are not remarkable for their regard to the rights of Christian civilians. There can be little doubt that the Great Powers, whether friendly or hostile to Turkey, will unanimously forbid the attempt to occupy Roumania. There is reason to fear that the more effective organization of armies composed only of the dominant race will discourage the realization of the promises which the SULTAN has repeatedly made to his Christian subjects. If the obligation of military service had been extended to all the inhabitants of the Empire, the progress of the military organization of Turkey might have been regarded with satisfaction.

Lord GRANVILLE may probably have discharged his duty as English Plenipotentiary with all the prudence and dignity which were possible under the circumstances to a colleague of Mr. GLADSTONE. He answered Prince GORTCHAKOFF's insulting Circular in a spirited despatch; and unless the Cabinet had determined to resist the encroachment, he could have done nothing more. According to Mr. GLADSTONE's statement, the English Government would have stood alone in opposition to Russia; and it may have been necessary to take into account the hostile feeling of the United States. It is no disgrace to a country to avoid a war for which it is not prepared; but conscious inability to accept a challenge is not gratifying to patriotic self-respect. It would have been better if Mr. GLADSTONE had not assigned additional and irrelevant reasons for a concession which may perhaps have been unavoidable. As a proof that the repudiation of

the main article of the treaty was not specially insulting to England, Mr. GLADSTONE urged, with a sense of his own political importance which contrasts strangely with his frequent professions of humility, that he had himself in 1856 objected to the neutralization of the Black Sea. In international transactions a State is represented by its Government; and when peace was concluded Mr. GLADSTONE was conducting the most indiscriminate and acrimonious opposition of recent times. He opposed the provisions of the treaty as he had in the previous year opposed the Turkish loan, and in the same spirit in which in the following year he accused Sir G. LEWIS of a breach of faith because he declined to fulfil, after a costly war, a financial prophecy made by Mr. GLADSTONE with a shortsighted confidence in perpetual peace. Whatever was objectionable to Russia or beneficial to Turkey was at that time denounced by Mr. GLADSTONE with passionate vehemence. He gave effective support to the Emperor NAPOLEON in his attempts to undo the results of the war; and by his strenuous advocacy of the union of the Principalities he unconsciously furnished the Russian Government with an excuse for its recent repudiation of the treaty. Mr. GLADSTONE was not misinformed when he says that Lord CLARENDON attached comparatively little importance to neutralization, and it is more than doubtful whether Lord PALMERSTON thought that the restriction could be permanently maintained. Both statesmen entertained a well-founded doubt of the value of a Russian promise; and Lord PALMERSTON, with whom Lord CLARENDON cordially acted, would gladly have obtained, instead of the clause in the treaty, a material guarantee; but Mr. GLADSTONE was incessantly assailing them in Parliament, and the Emperor NAPOLEON had announced his intention of withdrawing from the prosecution of the war. The English Government was obliged to content itself with an insufficient security, and it insisted on the neutralization of the Black Sea as an ultimatum. If the Russian Minister had not consented to the insertion of the clause, England would, in despite of the Emperor NAPOLEON and Mr. GLADSTONE, have continued the war alone, or in conjunction with Turkey. It is undoubtedly true that a verbal engagement is part of a chain in which the good faith of the contractor is the weakest link. The statement that Lord PALMERSTON distrusted the durability of the treaty is made on the authority of General IGNATIEFF, who is not known to have enjoyed the confidence of the English Minister. It is evident that Lord PALMERSTON never said anything of the kind either to Mr. GLADSTONE or to his more trusted colleagues. That he should have selected an astute Russian agent as his confidant in a matter in which Russian and English interests were diametrically opposed could be credible to only one statesman in England or in Europe.

PRINCESS LOUISE'S DOWRY.

THE House of Commons had apparently done itself credit on Monday night by its unanimous vote of a suitable provision for Princess LOUISE. Mr. FAWCETT's stern resolution and Mr. WHITE's indignant patriotism seemed to have yielded to the conviction that the majority in the House and the country were not as virtuous as themselves; and although it afterwards appeared that the contest was only postponed, Mr. P. A. TAYLOR and Sir C. DILKE had the easy task of counting their single follower, Mr. FAWCETT. A dowry of 30,000*l.* and an annuity of 6,000*l.* may, without the exercise of extraordinary arithmetical skill, be subdivided into so many pounds a year or shillings a week which might have provided a maintenance for as many deserving families; but as long as inequality of possessions is allowable, the children of the reigning Sovereign ought to enjoy a competence not altogether inadequate to the maintenance of their rank. The arguments which have been founded on the surrender by the QUEEN and her predecessors of the patrimonial estates of the Crown are perhaps not conclusive. Royal domains cannot in the nature of things be subject to all the incidents of private property. But for the prodigality of Kings in former times, the Crown lands would by this time have produced many millions a year; and under the present Constitution it would have been impossible to allow the reigning Sovereign irresponsible control over an enormous revenue. The income of a public functionary, from whatever source it may be derived, unavoidably assumes in some degree the character of an official salary. It was as inevitable that the estates of the Crown should be vested in a Board or in a Minister as that the endowments of the bishoprics should be transferred to the Ecclesiastical Commissioners. The revenue of the Crown

lands is, as it happens, less than the amount of the Civil List; but Parliament is exclusively responsible for the scandalous mal-administration of the Royal or national property. If the QUEEN had still received the rental of the estates instead of a Parliamentary income, she would, as at present, probably have expected that her family should be provided for at the public expense. The Civil List was granted when it was uncertain whether the QUEEN would marry, and there is no reason why a King or Queen with seven or eight sons and daughters should be exposed to pecuniary embarrassment or to the necessity of saving. A contractor who accumulates a fortune equal to the capital value of the Civil List can, if he thinks fit, divide his fortune among his children; but the QUEEN has no power to alienate a portion of public property for the establishment of a son or the marriage of a daughter. The House of Commons has acted on an instinctive feeling of propriety, which, as in many other cases, coincided with the results of deliberate judgment.

Perhaps candidates and members may hereafter take courage from the success with which some of them have defied an empty clamour. For some weeks past a noisy section of almost every political assemblage has protested against the grant of the dowry; but in most instances even Radical members have refused to comply with an unexpected and unreasonable demand. Mr. FAWCETT may be acquitted of the charge of having concealed or modified his genuine opinion for the sake of popularity; and he has probably alienated the less violent section of his supporters without strengthening his hold on the residue. It is difficult to believe that the opposition to the grant was prompted by any earnest or general conviction. The outcry which was suddenly raised may be attributed partly to the organized activity of clubs, and in some degree to the political inexperience of the constituency created by the Act of 1867. The working-men who have lately acquired the suffrage have for the most part been silent and quiescent; but the ambitious members of their class who have devoted themselves to agitation are utterly ignorant of history and impatient of constitutional tradition. The demagogues who insisted on a hasty alliance with the French Republic are eager to take the first opportunity of showing disrespect to the Crown. If they could have cajoled or frightened Parliament into the refusal of a Princess's dowry, they would have congratulated themselves on inflicting a blow upon Royalty. Nothing is easier than for the metropolitan managers to instruct their affiliated clubs and their emissaries to propagate an opposition which may seem to be of independent growth. Objections to a grant of money are never likely to want support. The inveterate enemies of the Monarchy have found adherents amongst that section of the multitude which disapproves of the diminished splendour of the Crown during the long retirement of the QUEEN. It may be conjectured from the unwonted courage and independence of Liberal members on platforms that their local informants have satisfied them of the numerical and political insignificance of the agitators; yet it would be well if the scattered utterances of discontent were to attract attention in the highest quarter. Philosophic politicians and statesmen may understand the value of conventional pre-eminence and of hereditary succession, but popular apprehension of the advantages of monarchical institutions is perceptibly quickened by the exercise of qualities which excite personal enthusiasm. Any appearance of selfishness or coldness on the part of the objects of loyalty is strongly resented.

A Conservative member, who seems since to have reconsidered his opinion, lately announced an intention of voting against the grant on plausible and intelligible grounds. Holding that a public provision for the Royal Family was intended to provide for the maintenance of a separate order, he declined to contribute from the public funds to the support of the wife of a private nobleman. It is doubtful whether it was advisable in the present instance to deviate from a custom which has never rested upon law. The Royal Marriage Act draws no distinction between foreigners and Englishmen, or between Royal and private persons; yet for many generations English Princes and Princesses have uniformly intermarried with members of the reigning families of the Continent; and the mediatized Houses of Germany have always reserved the right of making Royal alliances. An English or Scotch Duke of ancient family and great estate may perhaps, according to any intelligible standard, not be socially inferior to the cadet of a German race of Markgraves or Landgraves; but Hesse and Mecklenburg are out of sight; and unknown things, if not necessarily magnificent, are not obtrusively familiar. A run of domestic ill-luck, which has been a great public convenience, has for some

centuries caused all the younger branches of the Royal Family to disappear. Even the numerous and flourishing offspring of GEORGE III. are represented in the second and third generation only by a handful of descendants. There is consequently no rule or precedent to determine the effect of an admixture of Royal blood on the position of private families. In France the House of ORLEANS, which sprang from LOUIS XIII., and even the House of CONDÉ, which deduced its Royal descent from mediæval Kings, held down to the Revolution, and again under the Restoration, a distinctive rank above the highest of the less privileged nobility. If a similar class had arisen at the same time in England it might perhaps have held an equally exceptional position, but in modern social and political life there is no room for a semi-Royal caste. It appears from the *Gazette*, the *Court Circular*, and other constitutional authorities of the same kind, that not only the grandchildren of the QUEEN, but the great-grandchildren of GEORGE III., are formally designated as princes; but it is highly improbable that Parliament should hereafter provide incomes for the remoter scions of Royalty; and sooner or later, if they increase and multiply, they must subside, not into the peerage, but into the commonalty. The inconvenience of a marriage between a daughter of the QUEEN and the son of a duke is that it will probably accelerate the solution of the heraldic or social riddle. The grandson of the present Duke of ARGYLL will be nearer to the Crown than the grandson of the late Duke of CAMBRIDGE; and yet it is difficult to imagine that he will have the title of Highness. In the case of the younger brothers a retention of Royal rank would be still more embarrassing and invidious. A Prince GEORGE or Prince ALBERT of LORN or of ARGYLL would not mix comfortably with ordinary society. It is true that difficulties of this kind are not of extreme gravity, and that a future generation will manage its own affairs; but Royalty is an article of so delicate a texture that it cannot safely become the subject of innovation or experiment. No Prime Minister but one would have blurted out the secret that the QUEEN had resolved to contract a private alliance for her daughter before the present engagement was thought of.

Mr. GLADSTONE rested the vindication of the grant on its true grounds when he contrasted the stability of an hereditary throne with the shifting politics of a Republic, and with the experiments by which adventurous dynasties struggle to fix themselves into the soil. The EMPEROR who has lately ruined himself and his country by a desperate attempt to secure the succession of his son, and the PRESIDENT who, in the hope of re-election, strains his ingenuity to devise causes of quarrel with a friendly neighbour, might be supposed to have sacrificed national honour and welfare to the paramount object of convincing Englishmen that the QUEEN is the cheapest luxury which they enjoy. It is easy to understand that the gilding of the Royal equipage tends to preserve it as well as to gratify a cultivated taste. In a country of colossal fortunes it is not seemly that the head of social and political life should be outshone in decent splendour by ordinary subjects. Absolute monarchs possessing the reality of supreme power may safely dispense with trappings of State, but an English King or Queen is the acknowledged chief of a gorgeous aristocracy, and also the recognised symbol of national pride. In the early Roman Republic, according to HORACE, private fortunes and dwellings were insignificant in comparison with the treasury and the public buildings of the State. The palaces and establishments of the reigning Sovereign are always in some sense regarded as public property, and not as assets which may be employed in providing for the younger members of the Royal family.

THE FRENCH ELECTIONS.

THE elections to the National Assembly have been far more political in their character than could have been foreseen a fortnight ago. The question of peace or war seems only to have influenced them indirectly. The general defeat of the Republican party may be owing in a measure to the belief that its candidates were more likely than others to vote for a renewal of hostilities; but there is no reason to suppose that the result would have been materially different if peace had been proclaimed before the day of voting. The French people have recognised their defeat by one of those sudden impulses which are sometimes felt at the same moment by a whole nation, and they have shown their traditional respect for logic by frankly accepting the consequences. M. GAMBETTA's resignation was the appropriate outward expression of this change in public feeling. There was a kind of silent agreement between him and the people he governed

that he was not the man for the situation. If there had been any latent disposition in the country to push resistance further, his passionate energy would have been admirably fitted to call it forth. How the absence of such a disposition was made clear to M. GAMBETTA is not apparent, but there can be little doubt that he had satisfied himself on this point before retiring from the Government. The announcement of his resignation was probably enough to convince men of all parties that peace was virtually settled; and, with a promptness which does credit to their political versatility, they set themselves, in M. FAVRE's words, "to reconstitute the national existence." The National Assembly is not, as it seemed likely to be, an unsatisfactory combination of men chosen to negotiate a peace and men chosen to frame a Government. It is virtually composed of the latter class alone. The elections seem to have been almost exclusively decided by the political opinions of the candidates, not by their supposed leanings in favour of peace or war. The Assembly is in all respects a Constituent and not merely a National Assembly. The task of concluding a peace will probably occupy but a fraction of its time; the labour in which it promises to take real interest will be the determination under what institutions France is to live for the future.

The haste with which the elections have necessarily been conducted, and the want of any detailed information as to the pledges given or refused by the several candidates, make it unusually difficult to interpret the real significance of the result. It is stated that the Monarchists have gained a decided victory—scarcely one-fifth of the members according to one authority being Republicans, and much less than that proportion Imperialists. But in many of the constituencies the "Conciliation" or the "Combined" list is said to have been successful, and while some of the names included in these lists are of a decidedly Orleanist type, others are quite as pronouncedly Republican. The only inference that can be drawn from this circumstance is that the issue between Republicanism and Monarchy has been either evaded, or postponed, or regarded as of secondary moment. If a coalition of moderate Republicans and moderate Orleanists has been brought about on fair terms, the event will be full of promise for the future of France. The two great barriers to the establishment of free and orderly government have long been the doctrinaire exclusiveness of the Republicans and the liability to panic of the Conservatives. The one has prevented the Republicans from giving a liberal colour to the Monarchy, the other has prevented the Monarchists from strengthening the Conservative element in the Republic. The dethronement of LOUIS PHILIPPE was the consequence of the first error, the suppression of Parliamentary government in 1851 was the consequence of the second. If either had been avoided France might have been a generation nearer to the end which she has been ineffectually pursuing through so many revolutions. A little patience would have made the Monarchy of July as liberal as the country desired to see it; a little courage would have saved the Conservatives under the Republic of 1848 from having recourse to a Saviour of Society, instead of trusting to the action of free Parliamentary discussion in moderating extremes and harmonizing contradictions. It is too soon to determine whether either party has learned wisdom from experience, whether either Monarchists or Republicans have come to see that institutions are more than names, and that liberty may be enjoyed under a King, and order secured under a Republic. If this lesson has been brought home to them, its effect will perhaps be seen in some such combination as that referred to in our last number. In deciding upon the form which the Government shall take, it seems reasonable that the Monarchists should give way, since to an Orleanist politician Royalty must be a matter of expediency, not of right, and in this respect he has fewer prejudices to conquer. The divinity inherent in a newly-made constitutional King is of a kind scarcely distinguishable from ordinary mortality. The politics of a Republican, on the other hand, even of a Republican of the most moderate type, are necessarily tinged with abstract ideas. He has to some extent arrived at his conclusion by an *à priori* process. The Republic is to him not merely a means of attaining certain political results; it is, in however slight a degree, an end in itself. It is obvious that a coalition is likely to be durable in proportion as each side gives up least that it really values, and as between these two classes of politicians there can be no question that it is a smaller sacrifice to a consistent Orleanist to serve under a Constitutional Republic than to a consistent Republican to serve under a Constitutional Monarchy. To both of them the really important consideration is the Constitutional character of the Government, but as one attaches

more value than the other to the external form which it wears, it is well that his wishes should be allowed most weight in the decision.

The remarkable popularity of M. THIERS is a satisfactory symptom of the drift of public opinion in France. M. THIERS has done harm enough to his country in former days by contributing to the popular belief in NAPOLEON I., and by fomenting the popular jealousy of German unity. But these faults have brought their punishment with them, and there is probably little fear that M. THIERS will again fall into similar errors. What has gained him so many votes in the late elections has been the fact that he is the only effective survivor of the Parliamentary statesmen of France, that to him more than to any one man was due the partial revival of Parliamentary life which characterized the later years of the Empire, and that he has laboured diligently in the service of his country at an age and under circumstances which might have excused him from taking any active share in the painful and disheartening events of the last few months. So far as the authority of M. THIERS can influence the proceedings of the National Assembly, there will be no danger of another reaction in favour of despotism. M. THIERS has always been an ardent and consistent Constitutionalist, and even when the particular measures he advocated were mischievous, the method in which he advocated them was sound. In no way could the Conservative electors have better disproved the suspicions lately entertained of them than by returning M. THIERS in so many districts. Whatever thought may have been in the voters' minds, one theory as to their intentions is plainly excluded. No man was an object of so much hatred on the part of the Imperialist functionaries as M. THIERS. No candidate in the Corps Législatif—not even M. HENRI ROCHEFORT himself—was opposed with so much persistence by them; no name was so thoroughly identified with hostility to the Empire. If the Conservatives had sent only unknown men to the National Assembly, it would still have been doubtful whether they might not reconcile themselves to the disgrace of an Imperialist restoration. Their selection of M. THIERS as their most favoured candidate removes all doubt upon this question.

Another name of great significance has been mentioned as the probable President of the Chamber. M. GRÉVY was associated in the National Assembly under the last Republic with a proposal which, if it had been adopted, would have constituted a new experiment in politics. The once famous "Résolutions GRÉVY" were moved as an amendment to the articles of the Constitution creating a President of the Republic, who should be elected by universal suffrage. According to this scheme, the National Assembly would have delegated the executive power to a "President of the Council of Ministers," elected by an absolute majority of the Assembly voting in secret ballot, holding office for an unlimited time, but always removable at the pleasure of the Legislature. It is at least possible that M. GRÉVY's name has been put forward in this way from a feeling on the part of the majority that some such expedient would constitute the best attainable safeguard against the usurpation of absolute power by any future President of the Republic.

PARLIAMENTARY FORMS AND PUBLIC BUSINESS.

PROPOSALS for the alteration of the forms of the House of Commons produce an excitement among members which is but faintly shared by their constituents. Mr. GLADSTONE in moving for the appointment of a Committee on the public business of the House prudently guarded against immediate opposition by disclaiming any purpose of prejudging the recommendations which might be adopted. On the other hand, Mr. CAVENDISH BENTINCK and Mr. G. P. BENTINCK assumed, not without reason, that the PRIME MINISTER would not have moved in the matter except with the intention of establishing in practice some foregone conclusion. Mr. G. P. BENTINCK was perhaps rash in his admission that no Committee could recommend any change which would not restrict the privileges of private members. On one side, he said, were the members who had held office, or who hoped to hold office, all of them engaged in a kind of conspiracy to defraud of their rights the helpless private members. It might seem that the net would be spread in vain in the sight of a majority which has the means of protecting itself from fraud and oppression. The official class can only become dangerous either through its superior astuteness or because it has convincing reasons on its side. Mr. GLADSTONE, in spite of his professions, and of his whimsical reference to Mr. CRAUFORD's exclusion of strangers, is not to be suspected of the levity of proposing

the inquiry except for the purpose of promoting some definite scheme. The appointment of a Select Committee on the motion of a Minister is but a roundabout way of introducing a Bill, if the subject is proper for legislation, or a new code of Standing Orders in relation to the business of the House. The Committee is chosen with approximate fairness from both sides of the House, with a Minister or his nominee in the chair, and with a majority of one in favour of the Government. On all important questions the members divide according to their party relations, and eventually the Chairman's Report, expressing the opinions of the original mover, is carried by a bare majority. The object of the contrivance is, at the expense of the loss of a Session, to reconcile the House to some measure which would have encountered formidable opposition if it had been introduced in a direct form. Mr. GOSCHEN, for instance, presided last year over a Committee appointed to convert into a Report a project of the Chairman's for shifting a portion of the rates from occupiers to owners. In every instance, and especially on the adoption of the Report, the Conservative members voted as one man against an oppressive change in the incidence of taxation; but from the first Mr. GOSCHEN had his majority as well as his Report in his pocket; and two or three nights ago he gave notice of a Bill for carrying into effect his own scheme as it was approved by his docile adherents. A Select Committee on the business of the House will be so far independent that its members will range themselves according to their official predilections or associations rather than in political parties. The bulk of the private members regard those who are admitted to administrative secrets with a mixture of dislike and fear, but they are disorganized among themselves, and they are constantly liable to the desertion from their ranks of disinterested theorists and of candidates for promotion.

The long-established feud between independent members on one side, and Ministers and ex-Ministers on the other, represents in some degree the gradual change in the functions of the House of Commons. In former times legislation was only occasionally required, nor did Parliament claim to exercise habitual supervision over the principles and details of administration. In the days of PITT or of CHATHAM it is true that private members were habitually silent, while the conduct of debates was by common consent entrusted to the great orators and party leaders; but if any non-official member had sufficient audacity, and if he could obtain encouragement from the House, he had abundant opportunities of expressing his opinions on all public questions. In modern times it is difficult to find an opening for a remark, and it is often for weeks together impossible to obtain a day for a motion. As Mr. GLADSTONE truly said, the House of Commons is distinguished from other legislative bodies as the most laborious Assembly in the world. There is, in truth, neither in Europe nor America any representative Assembly which at the same time legislates with incessant activity and practically conducts the government of the country. The useful function of giving utterance to public opinion, though it has not been abandoned, finds less and less time for its exercise. The House of Representatives at Washington allots certain sittings to the delivery of elaborate speeches on all manner of miscellaneous subjects. The intention is not either to elucidate doubtful questions by discussion or to enlighten the opinion of a community which is profoundly indifferent to the judgment of members of Congress, but to satisfy constituencies that their wishes and their fancies are not altogether forgotten. The Friday evenings which are devoted by the House of Commons to Supply, or rather to questions, answers, and speeches on various subjects, have a similar effect, with the additional advantage of attracting general attention. Mr. C. BENTINCK is jealous of the privileges which yet remain to private members, and he strongly suspects Mr. GLADSTONE of a design on Friday liberties. Although zealous advocates of utility denounce the waste of time during the evenings appropriated to Supply, it is not desirable to convert the House of Commons into a mere legislative machine, and it is doubtful whether any time which might be saved by an alteration of the present practice would not be otherwise wasted. One of the main grievances of private members is the alleged breach of a promise made by Lord PALMERSTON that the Government would make a House on Supply nights for the benefit of independent members. When the House is counted out at ten o'clock on Friday evening, the Speaker and the members of the Government obtain an additional holiday, but the disappointment to members who had complaints to urge and questions to ask finds no compensation in any legis-

lative progress. It may indeed be contended that if forty members will not take the trouble to attend, the absence of the majority shows indifference to the matters which are to be discussed; but it is well understood that in ordinary cases the necessary attendance can only be secured by official discipline. In all public business somebody ought to be responsible, and the Secretary of the Treasury and his principals are rightly blamed when the House is counted out without sufficient reason.

After all, it is possible that the Committee may abstain from encroaching on the rights of private members, and yet that it may find sufficient room for improvement in the forms and rules of the House of Commons. Some of the highest authorities regard the number of necessary stages in a Bill as excessive; and the power of a minority to compel the adjournment of a debate has sometimes been abused. To inexperienced persons it seems unnecessary to put the same Bill to the vote on five or six occasions, although it rarely happens that the debate is renewed on all the successive Readings and Reports. It is difficult to deal with the lateness of the hours of sitting, which to any other Assembly would seem intolerable. If it is necessary to sit for nine or ten hours, and in summer to have a morning sitting in addition, no other time of day would perhaps be more convenient to the majority of members. The waste of time during the dinner hours from seven to half-past nine or ten cannot be avoided. When inexperienced or unattractive speakers are taking their turn in debate, it would be impossible to compel the attendance of members, and absentees may as well be engaged in the innocent and pleasant occupation of dining. If the mass of members really dislike sitting up till two or three in the morning, the Committee will perhaps devise some measure for their relief. Compulsory limitation of the length of speeches, and the power of a majority to vote the close of the debate, would be repugnant to the feelings of the House. The chief offenders in prolixity are the leaders of parties, and it is not wholly their fault that liability to criticism constantly tends to substitute forensic detail for the generalizations of statesmanship. No House of Commons would consent to interrupt Mr. GLADSTONE or Mr. DISRAELI when they are speaking on behalf of their respective parties. For less conspicuous orators the customs of the House provide an unavowed but effective censorship. The closing of debates by a majority as in Continental Assemblies, or the previous question of the American House of Representatives, may easily be used as methods of oppression. In the Congress before the last, when the Republicans were in a large majority, it was a common practice for Mr. THADDEUS STEVENS or other leading members to declare that a question should not be debated, and to pass it in silence under the previous question. The consequence was that the most important measures were only discussed in the Senate, which had never adopted the rule. The great debates which occupy the House of Commons for several nights two or three times in a Session are usually brought to a close by a general and tacit understanding. When the leader of the Opposition rises to sum up the debate, and the Minister to reply, the most impatient orators are forced to content themselves with unwilling silence. There is undoubtedly much time wasted in debate, but the defect is inseparable from the constitution of a House which no longer allows half-a-dozen members to monopolize discussion. What is really wanted is that the Government should be able to pass three or four great measures and a score of minor Bills in the course of the Session; and that private members also should have a chance of contributing to beneficial legislation. It seems that Lord EVERSLEY and the present Speaker hold that the number of stages of Bills might be advantageously reduced, and that other formal changes will simplify legislative business. Mr. GLADSTONE might perhaps appease the alarm of private members by renewing Lord PALMERSTON's undertaking that the Government should keep a House on Friday evenings. The discussions on open nights are interesting to the readers of Parliamentary debates as well as to the members who naturally desire to give expression to their opinions and grievances. Even if the Committee is mainly composed of members who are exclusively bent on facilitating legislation, they may be well assured that there is always a reason for practices which are popular.

MARRIAGE WITH A DECEASED WIFE'S SISTER.

WE have no intention now of handling the Bill to legalize marriage with a deceased wife's sister either on domestic or on the ordinary religious grounds. We prefer at

present to rest our opposition to the Bill on two grounds quite distinct from these—one, that, as it stands, it is retrospective in its action; the other, that even if this objection were removed, it is a Bill which creates a hardship far greater than that which it professes to remove.

It is amazing that so many persons ordinarily respecting the law and wishing others to be taught to respect it should have contrived to blind themselves to the first of these objections. To say that the laws of the State ought to be obeyed where they do not conflict with any higher obligation seems almost a truism; but it is evidently not accepted as such by the majorities which have on several occasions passed the Bill through the House of Commons. The men and women who have wished to contract these unions and have refrained from doing so because of their illegality may claim respect, if not sympathy. But what respect or sympathy is due to men and women who, knowing that these unions are forbidden, have gone on contracting them in open defiance of the law? Just so much or so little as may be claimed by any other man or woman who makes the gratification of unlicensed passion the supreme rule of conduct. No doubt there is much to be said in excuse for the breakers of the law among the poor. Some of them have sinned in simple ignorance, others in deference to that imperfect conscience which thinks that concubinage derives a half-sanction from going through the form of marriage, others from that low morality which regards no law as of any force if it can be violated without danger of fine or imprisonment. But it is a noticeable fact, which was well put at Thursday's meeting by one of the speakers, that in the course of a long parochial experience in Lancashire he found more cases of marriage within other prohibited degrees, and of the worst kinds of incest, than of this particular infraction of the law. At any rate none of these pleas can avail the rich men who have chosen to live with their sisters-in-law and call themselves married. They have proved their knowledge of what the law is by their persistent attempts to get it altered. They have weighed their own pleasure against the honour of the woman they profess to love, and the legitimacy of the children they hope to have, and, as mostly happens with men who begin to institute such a comparison, they have decided that their own pleasure takes precedence of every other consideration. By and by the inconveniences of what they have done become more apparent. The nominal wife does not take the place in society of a real wife. The nominal husband has to contract his acquaintance until at length he can only mix with people who are in the same plight with himself, or with people who avowedly are not exacting in respect of marriage certificates. The fortunes of his children have to be provided by elaborate legal devices, or, where real estate is concerned, have occasionally not to be provided at all. A state of habitual quarrel with the law of the land is found, in short, to have its drawbacks. In the case of a poor man such a discovery leads to nothing; in the case of a rich man it leads to systematic paid agitation. Hence comes the outcry about the alleged hardship to the working-classes. These tender and wealthy spirits do not care for their own wrongs. Happy in the possession of an immaculate conscience and a more enlightened view of their duty than is possessed by the world at large, they agitate only in the interest of their poorer brethren. To make a retrospective change in the law in deference to such a movement as this is to proclaim that the law may be broken with impunity by all who have money enough to pay for getting it altered. If the prohibition of these unions is contrary to public policy, let them be permitted for the future. But we can conceive nothing more contrary to public policy than to pass an Act of indemnity for those who have already contracted them.

The second objection to this Bill is that it introduces an inequality into English law from which it is at present free. The existing marriage law is simple and consistent. Marriage is prohibited within certain degrees of relationship, and no distinction is made between relationship by blood and relationship by affinity. A man may not marry his wife's sister any more than his own sister, his wife's mother any more than his own mother, his wife's niece any more than his own niece. A woman may not marry her husband's brother any more than her own brother, her husband's father any more than her own father, her husband's nephew any more than her own nephew. A restriction of this kind is intelligible and impartial. It is founded on the broad principle that marriage works such a unity between man and wife that the relations of the one become in all respects the relations of the other. It matters nothing to our argument whether this principle is sound or unsound. At all events it covers all the cases to which the law applies, and we maintain that it

ought not to be abrogated in favour of one kind of relationship by affinity until it has been shown that the reasons urged in favour of this particular relaxation are inapplicable to any of the others. There may be good reasons for entirely abolishing the restrictions on marriage with a wife or a husband's relations. There may conceivably be good reasons for abolishing the restriction in some cases and leaving it intact in others. But there can be no reason, good or bad, for legislating on such a subject piecemeal, or for allowing one marriage without inquiring whether others which are wholly undistinguishable from it ought any longer to be forbidden. If this Bill becomes law, a widower who wishes to marry his wife's sister will be able to do so without let or hindrance. But supposing that he wishes to marry, not his wife's sister, but his wife's sister's daughter. The relationship is one degree more remote, and to prohibit marriage with a more distant connexion while formally legalizing it in one less distant is like forbidding a man to marry his second cousin while he is left free to marry his first cousin. As the law stands, both cases rest on the same footing. If the law is altered in the way which Mr. CHAMBERS proposes, the man who wishes to marry his wife's niece will have a distinct and righteous grievance. This reasoning applies with even greater force to the case of marriage with a deceased husband's brother. The House of Commons is doing its best to introduce a new and galling inequality between the sexes in the matter of marriage. There may of course be valid social reasons for this course, but, if so, they ought to be stated. Why should men be allowed to marry their sisters-in-law, and women be forbidden to marry their brothers-in-law? The *prima facie* argument is all against such a one-sided alteration of the law, and the balance has certainly not been redressed by any utterances of the promoters of the Bill.

We do not deny that the declarations of the House of Commons in favour of this measure ought to be taken into account by those who continue to resist it; although the majority of 99 in 1869 fell to 70 in 1870, and to 41 in 1871. The agitation in favour of the proposed change may be disreputable in its origin and in the methods employed to foment it. But this does not alter the fact that the conclusion at which it aims has been sometimes rejected and sometimes adopted by one branch of the Legislature. It may be the policy of the Opposition, under these circumstances, to concede and further an exhaustive reconsideration of the whole law as regards marriages of affinity. Whether such an inquiry would be best conducted by a Royal Commission or by a Parliamentary Committee we will not undertake to say. But supposing that the Government are indisposed to grant the one, and that the Commons will have no part in granting the other, it is still in the power of the Opposition to compass the desired end. A Select Committee of the House of Lords would be an admirable agency for carrying on an investigation of this kind. It would command more leisure than can often be obtained in the House of Commons, and there is an abundant store of legal acumen and ecclesiastical knowledge on which to draw in the choice of members. Whatever the conclusions of such a Committee might be, its deliberations would at least insure that consideration of the subject in its entirety which the promoters of the present Bill have so carefully and successfully avoided.

THE WAR OF 1870-71.

XXXI.

IN our last week's number we reviewed the siege of Paris as far as its known history permitted us, and we took occasion to point out that General TROCHU conducted his side of it mainly as a strategic problem, rather than as the mere defence of a fortress. It is doing no injustice to one of whom we would speak respectfully in his misfortunes to say that the failure that ensued was a necessary consequence of this treatment of his work, since it is obvious, in the light of our present knowledge, that it was all but vain to count on the hoped-for aid from without from armies which invariably failed at the critical point of contact with the enemy. In earlier numbers we have shown how BAZAINE'S indifferent conduct of affairs at Metz contributed to the fall of Paris. It is only necessary, therefore, to point out here that from the time that Prince FREDERIC CHARLES was set free from his watch over that Marshal, and was allowed to anticipate D'AURELLE'S forward movement, the strategy on which General TROCHU had relied ceased to be of any value in face of the superior tactical power of the Germans thus strengthened. Engineers have been accused, and not always unjustly, of their neglect of strategy in relation to their own branch of military science. But in

the case of Paris it seems to us that the Governor fell into the converse of this error, and, in hoping for success through strategy, overlooked engineering resources at his command sufficient to have made the siege so difficult as to have been impracticable to the moderate number of Germans which finally triumphed over him.

We have supposed, and will not depart from the condition here, that there really was not sufficient time available before the Prussians came up from Sedan to destroy thoroughly the huge belt of shelter which afterwards saved their army from being paralysed by the frost. It would certainly have been quite impossible to remove wholly the timber which they used so freely during the siege. As to the villages and detached buildings, there will probably long be different opinions, and many will think that the cheapest and safest defence in the end would have been such wholesale demolition as would have deprived the Prussian corps allotted to the investment of any ready-made means of covering the continuous lines which they held throughout in comfort. But the difficulties in the way of this course were no doubt appalling, and we therefore pass from this part of the question to regard the investment completed, as it was in September, with but trifling opposition, and the outlying villages in the enemy's hands. Let us then suppose that TROCHU's plans had been guided by a general of such constructive genius as TODLEBEN, who, in view of the manifest uncertainty of relief, was prepared from the first to use all the resources at his command in an active and vigorous defence, instead of maintaining the passive attitude which was actually assumed.

Early in the siege there was at the Governor's command such a supply of labour as no commander had ever collected on one spot before; nor were the other means wanting both for strengthening the existing defences and for carrying on a system of intrenchments outside them which would have amazingly enhanced the difficulties of the problem put before the German staff. Tools there must have been in abundance, since the resources of that vast metropolis were abundantly at the command of a firm and decided Governor. There was a good supply of brushwood for fascine work in the Bois de Boulogne, and the stock might have been largely supplemented by rough and ready expedients. Timber was plentiful, ready stacked in the builders' yards; and, above all, the sandbags which for rapid construction of shelter would be the handiest of all means, might have been made to any extent required. In short, it would have been easier to organize vast bodies of improvised pioneers with their tools, than to create out of the chaos enclosed that Active Army which promised so much and did so little. And in methodically fighting from the first under cover there would have been the inestimable advantage that the most irregular troops that DUCROT or VINOY could put in line would have been almost as formidable—in a finished work certainly—as the best soldiers France had sent into the field to be slaughtered under MACMAHON or entrapped with BAZAINE. Such a system would have gone far to put the ill-matched forces upon an equality, even if it had not restored to the defenders the natural advantage of superior numbers.

If it be asked how the hundred thousand armed workmen that might have been at once organized could have been employed more profitably than the large parties which actually laboured in the later stages of the siege, we turn to the facts recorded, and point, as a single example, to what happened with regard to Mont Avron. The work thrown up on this hill was the only serious attempt made from first to last to extend the limits of the defence. Its mere occupation caused the special erection against it, by the Germans, of a dozen batteries in a semicircle five miles long, protected by a parallel, covered by strong guards, and giving work to a whole corps. But Mont Avron was occupied by a redoubt quite detached, left destitute of bombproof shelter, and, above all, placed there nearly three months too late, when the enemy's siege train had arrived. Had TROCHU been fortunate enough to have had for his chief engineer, instead of a respectable worn-out veteran like General CHABAUD LATOUR, an officer of such intelligence and energy as TODLEBEN, or as he to whom Belgium owes the strength of Antwerp, what could have hindered a number of such redoubts appearing early in the siege, their works pushed gradually forward, connected by cover with the place, supplied with rough bombproofs that would have made them safe from distant bombardment, and well manned by guards regularly relieved every twenty-four hours? Of course the Germans would have attacked them; the nature of the circumstances would have impelled them to do so, since otherwise their lines would have had to recede bit by bit, and in receding to grow longer and weaker. Let any one who wishes

to understand the necessities of the supposed case remember what anxieties the first occupation of Le Bourget gave Count VON MOLTKE, the hasty order which came to Prince AUGUSTUS that the Guards must retake it at all costs, and the heavy lists of killed and wounded with which its recapture was marked. Yet Le Bourget was merely an ordinary walled village, taken by a young brigadier without orders from TROCHU, and occupied without even the care to loophole it properly before re-attacked. A strong work thrown out there early in the siege would have cost the Germans ten times as many men to take as the village did at the end of October; and as their heavy guns were not then up, a similar front of offence might have been pushed forward in half-a-dozen different places simultaneously. Such works would have been slow and toilsome in their development: but to prevent their advance altogether would have overtaxed the siege materials of the Germans, and by forcing them to assault would have caused a constant drain on the limited supplies of men on the besieging side, even in case of success; whilst one or two bloody failures would have stimulated the zeal and energy of the defenders to an extent that would have more than doubled their exertions and the enemy's pains and losses.

Had a TODLEBEN or a BRIALMONT been present to advise TROCHU, and had their advice been followed rather than that of DUCROT, on which the Governor at the outset chiefly leaned, such a series of offensive defences would, we believe, have been started before the end of September; and if conducted with the vigour and skill which either of those renowned engineers would have infused, would soon have driven the Germans so far off at more than one point as practically to cut their circle into isolated segments; or, if altogether restrained by them, would only have been so at such an expense of lives as of itself would have raised the siege, or at the least drawn in their detachments from all other quarters, and left their rear and communications dangerously weak. Their head-quarters at Versailles might have been threatened, their depôts on the railroad driven further off; and, above all, the first decided advantage gained in this manner would have given that moral impulse to the defenders which from first to last no step taken by their chiefs ever evoked among them. The effect of the best proclamation, or of the most carefully coloured intelligence, is but transient; but to have held a mile or two of ground fairly won from their foes would have made every soldier in the garrison feel stimulated to new efforts by a definite and tangible object. The battalions that wasted their time in purposeless drilling for a field they never entered would here have found genuine use for their services, and their officers, raw to their duties at first, would have developed with practice the well-known ingenuity of their nation, so often tested in defences on a smaller scale.

What has been here said as an abstract view might be illustrated—poor as our present materials naturally are—by more than one well-known passage of this memorable leaguer, as it has already been slightly in these remarks by the cases of Mont Avron and Le Bourget, to which our present limits confine us. To say certainly that such a system would have succeeded would be overbold. But it is not too much to assert that future history will count the defence of Paris to have been not only tame throughout, but especially weak in that engineering skill for which the country of VAUBAN was formerly pre-eminent.

Though Bitsch appears still to hold out against blockade, Belfort, severely pressed by General TRESKOW, has been at last yielded by Colonel DENFERT on honourable terms. Probably these have been asked and granted under that sanction from Versailles the refusal of which at the first cost France the destruction of the army in the East. With its surrender the armistice is extended to the departments hitherto excepted, and Dijon has returned to German occupation, GARIBALDI's corps quitting it in such disreputable confusion as fully accounts for the little service they have performed, and justifies the contempt of the Correspondents who had accompanied them prepared to praise. The possession of this city, joined to that of Belfort, gives the Germans a safe and direct access into the South of France, should the war be renewed; and the fall of the latter place, notwithstanding its great natural strength, is but a fresh instance of the truth of the axiom that the defence of a fortress must ever be inferior to the attack where the superiority of means lies with the latter. But this rule can by no means be applied to such an exceptional case as that of Paris, where every material advantage was at first on the side of the garrison. Strong as the besiegers were in their moral force, good discipline, able leadership, and marvellous tactical efficiency, numbers and means were heavily

against them had these been thrown into the balance with skill and energy.

The ready disbandment of the *Frances-tireurs*, the openly expressed opinion of CHANZY, the best general the French have found in this war, and the votes of the great mass of the population at the elections, all point to the necessity of peace at almost any sacrifice. Meanwhile the Germans are taking means to ensure the final victory in this tremendous strife by keeping up their armies to such strength as shall enable them at need to overrun the whole of France, and even to hold it afterwards if necessary. It is to be regretted that the mediæval custom of ransoming captured open towns that have made no real resistance is being revived with the reviving German Empire, and being largely enforced in France, especially in the North. It threatens to add a new and painful feature to the sufficiently gloomy aspect of war, for the Empire and its armies will, it may be plainly seen, set the fashion in military matters to the civilized world for a generation to come. It adds, moreover, an additional temptation to the masters of great armies to employ them in wars of aggression at their neighbours' expense.

SWEETNESS AND LIGHT.

THERE is something very seductive in the optimist faith of childhood. "Heaven lies about us in our infancy," and it is only by degrees that we learn, as the poets tell us, that the tall pine-trees are not high enough to reach it. Slowly but surely, the glory passes from the earth; the comfortable belief that all grown-up people are not only wise and good, but also perfectly happy, succumbs to the inexorable logic of experience, and the growing youth discovers not only that he is "further off from heaven than when he was a boy," but that the world is a very different sort of place from what he once supposed it to be. He may not trouble himself much with metaphysical puzzles about the origin of evil, but he must be of a singularly cheerful temperament, or most exceptionally fortunate in his circumstances, if he does not become aware that the dark threads are, to say the least, mingled pretty thickly in the tangled skein of life, and that the cynics who divide mankind into knaves and fools have some plausible pretext for their unpleasant philosophy of human nature. We may shift the blame, like Topsy, if we please, to our "wicked heart," but the fact that there is a great deal of wickedness, and of all the disagreeable consequences which wickedness entails, to be encountered in this world, is beyond dispute. The optimist creed which is natural to children, and which is professed by some of Mr. Dickens's favourite heroes, is either based on ignorance of facts or on a very shallow estimate of the grave realities of life. The laughing philosophy may suit a summer afternoon, but in the long run Diogenes is sure to beat Heraclitus out of the field, as poor Mr. Botin was at last obliged to own. It may be quite true, as all divines tell us, that God desires the happiness of His creatures, but then it is also true that they have very largely succeeded in frustrating the accomplishment of that desire, and so we are brought back to the old complaint of the preacher, that all is vanity and vexation of spirit. No doubt, if this be so, our thanks are due to any one who will teach us how to infuse a little more of "sweetness and light" into a world which has been only too truly denounced as "full of darkness and cruel habitations." If culture—or, as the great apostle of culture is fond of calling it, "Hellenism"—will do this for us; if it will, as he assures us, "make reason and the will of God prevail" on earth, we may truly say, as Solomon says of wisdom, that its price is above rubies. But we may venture, even at the risk of incurring the charge of Philistinism, to ask how far the claim can be substantiated. Wisdom, we are told, is justified of all her children. Can as much be said for culture?

Now, if we appeal to the testimony of experience, we are confronted by two very awkward facts. The most cultivated nation of antiquity by universal consent was the Greek, and the centre of Greek cultivation was Athens. So completely indeed is this recognised by Mr. Arnold, that he uses "Hellenism" as synonymous with culture, and regards the golden age of early Athenian splendour, the age of Sophocles, of Pericles, and of Phidias, as exhibiting the most perfect combination of sweetness and light which the world has yet witnessed. Yet a very superficial acquaintance with the literature of that age is enough to convince us of the truth of Professor Jowett's remark, that if its inner life were revealed to us, we should turn away with loathing and detestation from the sight. Mr. Swinburne has done something—and his panegyrists complain bitterly of the narrow prejudices of Christian society which will only allow him to do so little—to unveil the darker side of the picture, and has done it *con amore*. But to most of us, who have not quite overcome the fastidiousness of our modern taste, that little will be quite enough. Nor is this all. Athens, at the very zenith of her most brilliant culture, in the ideal age of "sweetness and light," was on the eve of her national decline. Her art was the bloom of decay, and her captive citizens were thankful to purchase some relaxation of their bondage by singing the choruses of Euripides in the Sicilian salt mines. To say the least, there had been something defective in the empire of "sweetness and light." If Greece was distinctively the cultured nation of antiquity, Germany must, we presume, claim that distinction in modern Europe. The very

word culture, which we have been labouring hard to naturalize, is a translation of the German *Bildung*. But it is not very easy to recognise the promised fruit of culture in the German mind just now. We need not accept everything that Mr. Frederick Harrison has lately said about "the calculating ferocity of scientific soldiers," but it would be difficult to answer or evade the principal counts of his indictments against the Prussians. For the last six months vast regions of France have been given up to fire and sword, every village the invaders have passed through has been the victim of organized pillage, and every city plundered on system; immense tracts of rich and cultivated land have been stripped and reduced to famine, and a deliberate system of terrorism established everywhere. How far the invasion itself is just, or how far it has been conducted in accordance with the laws, whatever they are, of honourable warfare, we need not pause to inquire here. It is enough for our present purpose to observe, what can hardly be contradicted, that it has—latterly at any rate—been carried on with more rather than less of the usual brutality of war; while at the same time the invading army, as we are constantly reminded, is an army not of trained mercenaries, but of citizen soldiers, citizens of the favoured country which is, or ought to be, the chosen home of sweetness and light. Now we have not a word to say against German culture, and we are not certainly going to dispute our enormous debt to the scholars, historians, and theologians of the *Vaterland*. But we do think it is fairly open to question whether that culture, which has not had much to suffer from the Saxon "Hebraism" said to be so prejudicial to its influence among ourselves, has been very effective in diffusing over the national character the twin graces of sweetness and light, more especially perhaps the sweetness. The light, if it be there, is somewhat of a *hæmorrhoid*, to judge from its outward manifestations. It would be invidious to pursue the inquiry from national to individual examples, or we are inclined to think that the result would be very similar. Some of the cruellest have been also the most highly cultured of mankind. The question has, indeed, been asked by a modern writer, "Was Nero a monster?" But it will hardly be more difficult for the historical student to disprove the culture of the "implacable, beautiful tyrant," than to maintain the sweetness of his disposition, or his subservience to the law of "reason," to say nothing of the "Kingdom of God."

If there is any force in these illustrations—and they can hardly be set aside as exceptional instances which only confirm the rule—there must be some flaw in the theory they so strangely contradict. Two questions are at once forced upon us—Are sweetness and light the highest ideal of perfection? and is culture the surest means of attaining it? Clearly, if both questions are answered in the affirmative, we have a right to expect some actual correspondence between the means and the end; we may expect the most cultivated to be, as a rule, the most perfect specimens of humanity. But, as a matter of fact, this can only be affirmed, if at all, with so many reservations and exceptions that we are driven to look rather more closely into the alleged principle. That sweetness and light are very desirable qualities, and that the world would be greatly benefited by possessing more of them than it can boast at present, few will care to dispute, and as little can it be denied that barbarism is not the soil where such products are likely to flourish. But it is equally true, if we are not mistaken, that culture alone will not ordinarily suffice to produce them, and that, if it did, we should have gained at best but a partial and inadequate result. Bishop Butler has observed with perfect justice that the passive contemplation of suffering tends to deaden our sympathies, while the active exercise of benevolence braces and intensifies them. The same principle may be applied to the case before us. If it were the supreme object of life "in the lovely Lotus land to live and lie reclined," sweetness and light might constitute the supreme standard of excellence, but in the world of action something further is required. Mr. Arnold is very impatient of the vulgar activity of Puritanism as displayed by "the Reverend Mr. Cattle" and the chosen organs of British Nonconformity. It is vulgar enough certainly, but in all its coarse and often misdirected energy there is still something nobler than in the selfish *sang-froid* which dreamily whispers, "There is no joy but calm." Sweetness and light will do little for the individual, and still less for the benefit of the race, without the supplement of fire, or what has been sometimes termed the "enthusiasm of humanity." An ideal of excellence from which force is omitted, if it is not almost tabooed, may have an abstract grace, but it is feminine to the extent of being practically effeminate. It may gild the repose, but it will not help the work of life, and for nine men out of ten life has more of labour than of repose. But there is a further objection to this theory. The ideal proposed is not only inadequate, but impossible. It could only be realized, as it would alone suffice, in the land of Lotus-eaters. It will not stand the wear and tear of common life, and could only be attained, or only preserved, by those who shut themselves up in a hermitage, and "waste their sweetness on the desert air" in order to avoid losing it. There is a character, familiar no doubt to many of our readers, in one of Wilkie Collins's most popular novels, the *Woman in White*, who cultivates his fastidious sweetness by this method of isolation, and a most insufferable bore and tyrant he becomes. Or, to pass from the region of fiction, no more perfect embodiment of the ideal could be found than Goethe. He was, if any man ever was, the child of culture, and the pursuit of sweetness and light was the deliberate and exclusive aim of his life. But the splendour of his genius cannot blind us to the radical defect of his moral nature. It would be difficult to name any

instance of a life of such systematic and enlightened selfishness. To him friendship was nothing but a calculated reciprocity, and patriotism a vulgar and inconvenient folly. Sweetness and light are admirable graces, but they are of small service alone; for any practical purpose they need what culture cannot give, and that is strength.

And this brings us to our last point, on which, however, we can only touch very cursorily here; for it is a subject on which an essay or a volume might be written. The zealous advocates of culture are wont to speak—Mr. Arnold notably does so—as though it not only were allied to religion, but included and thus, in one sense, superseded it. It is true, of course, that Christianity and civilization have usually gone hand in hand, and that in the present day the Christian nations of the world are also the most civilized; for it is only by a very liberal interpretation of the term that China can be admitted to constitute an exception. But nevertheless the two things are quite distinct. When Mrs. Proudie interrupted the voluble rhetoric of the lecturer who was expatiating on the blessings of civilization, by screaming “and Christianity” at the top of her voice, her taste might be questionable, but she was not guilty of tautology. It is the tendency of Christianity in the long run to civilize both nations and individuals, but civilization does not necessarily Christianize them, though it may pave the way for Christianity; as might perhaps be inferred from the fact that the early converts were more numerous among the inhabitants of towns, whence the name of *pagan*, or country people, gained its secondary sense of heathens. But it is, at all events, certain that if religion under favourable circumstances promotes culture, culture will not do the work of religion. It will not supply those moral forces without which sweetness and light are at best but a sickly bloom. The “Hebraists,” especially as represented by modern Puritanism, may often be narrow, intolerant, and offensive, with little of sweetness and even less of light. But they have a vantage ground from which their “Hellenist” rivals will never be able to dislodge them, in their appeal to instincts and motives which Hellenism cannot touch. Few educated men would turn without a feeling of repulsion, almost of disgust, from *Faust* to a sermon of John Wesley’s, or let us say of Mr. Spurgeon’s. Yet for one who has been charmed or elevated by Goethe’s writings—which even in his own country are not nearly so popular as Schiller’s vastly inferior but more patriotic poetry—thousands have had their whole moral nature quickened or transformed by the uncouth eloquence of the Nonconformist apostles who so naturally offend Mr. Arnold’s cultivated taste. And this suggests a further objection, which must be the last noticed here, to the theory of culture as the chief or exclusive instrument for attaining the true ideal of human excellence. In every country and every age of the world of which we know anything, culture has been, as it still is, the privilege of the few, and it seems morally impossible that it should ever be otherwise. No spread of education will exempt the toiling millions from the pressure of those physical necessities which absorb so much both of their labour and their thoughts; and that absorption is wholly incompatible with anything that can be called culture, as we are now using the word. The difficulty did not exist under the old Pagan civilizations, for the comparative handful of citizens were spared the burden and degradation, as they deemed it, of manual toil, by the forced service of a huge army of slaves, whose exclusion from the blessings of culture was justified by a philosophy which denied that they were moulded of the same clay as freemen. We are not able to cut the knot with the same facility. And till some method of doing so has been discovered, it will ever remain true, for this reason, if for no other, that the immense majority of mankind must look to some other source than culture for such grace as may sweeten and such light as may direct their path.

MR. DISRAELI ON HISTORICAL GEOGRAPHY.

THE author of *Lothair* is doubtless entitled to be looked on as a light on any subject which he may choose to take in hand. And truly the subjects which he takes in hand are many. Perhaps in the wonderful times in which we live the memory of but few people can go back to so distant a date as *Two Years Ago*. Such a title now would seem to carry us back as far as *'Tis Sixty Years Since*. Even we ourselves do not profess to remember such remote events without a certain process of refreshing the memory. But, as applied to the sayings and doings of Mr. Disraeli, that process of refreshing is a very refreshing process indeed. Let those who have a chance go back to the Irish Church debates and study the ex-Premier’s speeches in those now antediluvian discussions. Those were the days when we were threatened with meeting the Insoluble face to face. Those were the days when men cheered at the doctrine that, on the meeting of the Insoluble, “the most transcendent powers of intellect dissipate and disappear.” When they had dissipated and disappeared, then the religious principle was to commence. Two years have passed away, and it is plain that the religious principle has not commenced yet. Mr. Disraeli at least has not yet met the Insoluble. The transcendent powers of his intellect have most certainly not dissipated or disappeared. He not only has written *Lothair*, but on his old ground of the House of Commons he is as transcendent as ever. He has fallen away in nothing from the days of his great legal discoveries, from the days when he expounded how the

Queen was the Head of the Church, when he set forth the theory of penal causes and the exact distinction between spoliation and confiscation, when men listened and mused and admired as he explained the simpler duties of a guardian and the more complicated characters of the trustee and the fiduciary. It is pleasant to look back on those old times; it is pleasant to find that the guide, philosopher, and friend of that now fossil era still survives, and is still able and willing to do as much for us now as ever he did then. While Mr. Disraeli lives, while he still avoids meeting the Insoluble, while his transcendent powers of intellect have still escaped dissipating and disappearing upon the commencement of the religious principle—while all this is still preserved to us unhurt, we shall never lack discoveries novel and interesting in any branch of knowledge about which our instructor may be pleased to enlighten us. Mr. Disraeli seems to us to have even fallen back upon a still earlier stage, on an earlier theory of the Whole Duty of Man. He does not love Professors, and he may not think it kind in us if we compare him to a Professor; but there was once a Professor who, if our memory fails us not, laid down that it was the chief duty of his office, not to lecture but to “irrigate the cities of the earth.” Now we have a dim, a very dim, remembrance of a speech of Mr. Disraeli’s, in which—again if our memory does not fail us—he wound up among loud cheers with saying that the duty, not only of Professors but of mankind in general, was to “enlarge the bounds of the terraqueous globe.” We will not swear that the word was “enlarge”; it may perhaps have been “diminish”; it may even have been “irrigate”; but we distinctly remember that the speech ended with the words “terraqeous globe,” and that mankind in general were exhorted to do something or other to the bounds of that globe. We confess that we were reminded of the Professor’s theory of irrigation; only there was this difference, that the globe itself, being terraqueous, and therefore, we presume, to some extent composed of water, might not need irrigation so much as the particular cities which—except in the case of lake dwellers and the founders of Amsterdam—are not commonly built immediately upon its aqueous portions. Anyhow it is clear that Mr. Disraeli some years back took a special interest in the terraqueous globe, and had schemes for its enlargement, its irrigation, or some other, doubtless benevolent, purpose. The debate on the Address shows that Mr. Disraeli, like the solar heroes, has come back to his old love. The terraqueous globe has again become the main object of his attention, and, if he has not succeeded in enlarging its bounds, he has at least succeeded in giving us some novel views of the history of some parts of its surface.

The new subject on which Mr. Disraeli has undertaken to enlighten the House of Commons and the civilized world in general is no other than that of Historical Geography. It is most praiseworthy in Mr. Disraeli or any one else to be so employed, for it is certain that no study can be better suited for the needs of the present moment. The picture of Mr. Disraeli turning over his Spruner—we hope it is his Spruner and not his Houzé—is a picture only one degree less charming than the picture of the great Mr. Russell searching through all recorded history to find an Empire founded by force which still was peaceful. We do not doubt that Mr. Disraeli has by this time found out a thing or two about the frontiers of France and Germany, though he discreetly keeps his new lights on that head for some future display. Then there is his darling subject of all, the Saxon provinces of Prussia. Next to the Asian mystery itself, those same Saxon provinces seem to lie nearest to Mr. Disraeli’s heart. We do not know whether Mr. Disraeli is of the same way of thinking as the etymologist who held that *Saxon* was a contraction of *Isaac’s son*. If so, we can understand his interest in Saxons, though we do not know why he should go so far off in search of them, when surely he might have found Saxons nearer home. However this may be, the fact that Prussia has Saxon provinces, and that England once guaranteed Prussia in the possession of those Saxon provinces, is a fact which seems never to be absent from Mr. Disraeli’s mind. We do not remember his ever making a speech on foreign affairs in which he did not say something about the matter. In fact it seems that the reason why things do not always go on quite so comfortably in Europe as we could wish is simply that other people are not so constantly thinking about these Saxon provinces as Mr. Disraeli is. If we had only thought about them just before the present war began, the whole thing might have been hindered. If we had only whispered to the late ruler of France that we had guaranteed the Saxon provinces of Prussia, the war could not have happened at all. The subject is certainly an odd one for the mind to be constantly dwelling on. To the best of our knowledge, the Saxon provinces of Prussia have never been threatened, and they are certainly not likely to be threatened just now. Mr. Disraeli indeed seems to conjure up a vision of “aggressions” which might make it needful that “Prussia should be guarded from the Saxons.” We must really beg leave to decline the duty of guarding Prussia, who seems so well able to guard herself, against Saxons or anybody else. It is surely more likely that Denmark should reclaim Orkney, or that England should reclaim Calais, than that the King of Saxony, faithless to his Federal duties, should reclaim any portion of the lands of his Imperial chief. Still it is well that every subject should have some one who makes it his special pursuit, and so it is well that this guarantee of the Saxon provinces should have its special devotee in Mr. Disraeli. But it is a pity that, while dealing with a subject which to most people is so obscure, he should take for granted that all people are as well

acquainted with it as himself. There are people in the world—we can even conceive that there may be members of the House of Commons—who would have been glad if Mr. Disraeli had thrown a little of that geographical light on the Saxon provinces which he went on to throw on some other parts of the terraqueous globe. To judge from the lecture with which he favoured the House, the subject of his studies in the recess must have been the extent of the Venetian possessions in the sixteenth century. One might have thought that the subject was a little above the heads of the gentlemen with whom Mr. Disraeli is in the habit of acting, and it is worth noting that, if the *Daily News* may be trusted, the geographical lecture was listened to without a single cheer till the orator came to the more inspiring words “a real and open aristocracy.” Nay, according to the *Times*, even those words fell flat, and no demonstration happened till Mr. Disraeli hit upon a formula which may be said to be created to be cheered, “commercial freedom and religious equality.” Still, on the great Mesopotamian principle—and we do not forget that Mesopotamia is in Asia—we can believe that the discourse told. The county members most likely did not presume to understand, and therefore did not presume to cheer. Perhaps some of them had cheered twenty years ago when Mr. Disraeli, being even then afflicted with historical-mindedness, reminded the House of the state of things with regard to Venice at the time of the League of Cambray. That league, Mr. Disraeli tells us, was a league of the “great confederate Powers of Europe” “to cut the pinions of the Great Republic”—why not carry out the metaphor by cutting the pinions, or at least the wings, of the Lion of St. Mark?—for the very odd reason that the said Great Republic “had always avoided mixing herself up with the politics and wars of the day.” We had always thought, with the correspondent of the *Times* who signs himself “An Italian,” that the reason was exactly the opposite one, and that Venice was attacked by the great confederate Powers of Europe because she had systematically mixed herself up with the politics and wars of the day, and because each of the great confederate Powers professed to have been deprived by her of some portion of its territory. But, leaving this alone, was not the talk about the great confederate Powers of Europe a little dark, perhaps suggesting a European mystery to balance the more famous Asian one? Would it not have been kind in Mr. Disraeli to have explained to the House, and especially to have explained to his immediate followers, that by the great confederate Powers of Europe was not to be understood any permanent Confederation, but a mere fortuitous concurrence of atoms, an accidental union for a single purpose of the Emperor, the Pope, and the Kings of France and Spain? Well, it was at this stage that Mr. Disraeli went on to give his lecture on the geography of the Venetian possessions at the beginning of the sixteenth century. Venice, we are told, then “held Cyprus and the Morea, the peninsula of the Mediterranean—the same to her that India is to us—the best islands of the Ionian and Aegean seas, and every province of Italy distinguished for fertility, civilization, and culture, except the Duchy of Milan.” We quote from the *Times*, but the *Daily News* adds a qualification so characteristic that we cannot help thinking it must be genuine—“she held Cyprus in fee.” Now it is much more likely that the one reporter left out words which he did not understand, than that the other dreamed them out of his own head. It is so like Mr. Disraeli to talk about holding Cyprus in fee. The words might by an admiring listener be so easily taken to mean something. They might mean that Cyprus had been got by confiscation, or that it was held as a fief. It might mean that the Doge of Venice was head of the Cyprian Church. It would hardly suggest to any one the odd process by which Catharine Cornaro, daughter of St. Mark, inherited the kingdom from her son, and St. Mark inherited it from his daughter. Then comes the Morea, which, lest any honourable gentlemen should either never have heard of it or be more familiar with it by the name of Peloponnesus, Mr. Disraeli kindly defines to be “the peninsula of the Mediterranean.” We are really at a loss to guess why the Morea should be thus distinguished as the peninsula of the Mediterranean, a description which is surely a little disrespectful to the larger peninsula of Italy. But it is really too bad of a right honourable gentleman who takes upon himself to be geographical lecturer to the House of Commons, to express himself so darkly that his hearers might be likely to believe that Venice, at the beginning of the sixteenth century, was in possession of the whole of Peloponnesus. It was more unkind still to bring in references to India which were sure to lead an unwary hearer wholly astray. Any Conservative member who kept awake during this part of Mr. Disraeli's speech might go away thinking that the Venetians held Peloponnesus as the English hold India, somebody else holding a few isolated points. In truth Venice could, at the time of the League of Cambray, be said to hold Peloponnesus only as England by holding Gibraltar may be said to hold Spain, as France or Portugal may be said to hold India, as people were afraid the Germans might hold it if they got Pondicherry. That is to say, Venice held some isolated harbours on a mainland of Ottoman territory. To be sure two hundred years later the whole peninsula was held by Venice, but then she had long lost Cyprus and Crete also. She never held Cyprus and Peloponnesus at once. Then comes the other wonderful bit about Venice holding every part of Italy distinguished for culture, fertility, or civilization, except the Duchy of Milan. What can be Mr. Disraeli's ideas of culture, fertility, or civilization, that he conceives none of them to have had any being within the territories of Florence or Genoa?

But Mr. Disraeli is not more lucky with the nineteenth century than with the sixteenth. To be sure Bessarabia is an out-of-the-way part of the world, and people in general cannot be expected to know much about it, but those who profess to be masters of the Treaty of 1856 ought to know something about it. Mr. Disraeli said very cleverly that “we did not call upon Russia, after her great defeat, to yield up any provinces,” and added, “I wish that would be recollected by other Powers.” Now it is perfectly true that we did not call on Russia to yield up any province to England or to France; but the Conservative members might go away thinking that Russia was not called on to yield up any territory at all. Unluckily Russia was called on to yield up, and did yield up, so much of Bessarabia as kept her wholly away from the Danube, and if that precedent was to be remembered by a certain other Power and applied to a certain other river, Mr. Disraeli and his friends would not cheer.

In short, it is a great thing to have been Prime Minister. Mr. Disraeli wrote *Lothair*, and it paid; if he put forth an Atlas or a Treatise on Geography embodying his peculiar views about Peloponnesus and Bessarabia, it would most likely pay also.

PLAINNESS AND ILL-FAVOUR.

HOW strange that, while our internal mechanism and organization are so perfect, perfect symmetry in the outer man should be so rare! that there should be so many plain people in the world! Such is the not unreasonable lament of a refined taste, looking abroad for the gratification of its love for beauty and fair proportion, and finding such rare and scanty indulgence of the heaven-born longing. It is a truth that most of the people we meet in the streets and highways are plain. We have a different standard for our home friends, for relations and intimates, but out of doors it is an exception to meet a comely, nobly-formed, handsome man or woman. It is a surprise when we do meet with such. So unusual, indeed, is it to meet with perfect, or anything approaching to perfect, symmetry, that one of the attendants on beauty is surprise. We gaze upon something rare, unaccustomed, startling from its singularity. This reflection has been put by the acutest of our female novelists into the mouth of a vain, “well-looking” man, who cynically complains of Bath for the multitude of its plain women. If by chance you see a pretty woman (let us explain that this was written half a century ago), she is sure to be followed by thirty or thirty-five frights; and once, though to be sure it was on a frosty day, he had counted eighty-seven in succession without a tolerable face among them. And with the men it was even worse, so that a decent-looking man excited quite an embarrassing sensation. The universality of this fact, stated broadly, is fortunate for those among us who cannot boast of anything typical or godlike in face or form. There are enough plain people—ordinary, some persons call it, to show how universal is the doom—to keep us in countenance. It would be dreadful to be the only ugly fellow in the world. But, even as it is, it cannot but be annoying to men—and especially to women—whose place or works or deeds give them prominence, not to be better worth looking at; to be so little good-looking as, sooth to say, they often are. “What do you think when so many people come to see you?” Miss Bremer was asked by her American adorers. “I wish that I was handsomer,” was her reply. “When all things are blossoming,” writes a woman of showy conspicuous genius, “it seems strange not to blossom too; man is the slowest aloe, and I am such a shabby plant, of such coarse tissue. I hate not to be beautiful when all around is so.” Who can tell how much Goldsmith's ugliness, which made him a butt in childhood, was at the bottom of the restless unsatisfied vanity of which so much is written? With men, however, the consciousness of ugliness has constantly acted as an intellectual stimulus. Because Richard III. was rudely stamped, wanting love's majesty, he shaped out a great unscrupulous career for himself; and Mirabeau and Wilkes might perhaps not have made so public a figure if they had been less conspicuously ill-favoured. But the draught was probably bitter all the same. The most successful jester on his own ill-looks finds the fun very flat in his solitary hours, but consciousness makes him restless; and where it is hopeless to pass unnoticed, his best expedient is to be pleasant upon himself.

These people are ugly because they cannot help it, but we have been led to our subject by the reflection how much of the depressing ugliness of the world is of man's own making, and need not be if people did not fall into tricks and bad habits of feature and countenance. We are not going deep; we are not entering into the question how far the principle of selection might improve the aspect of humanity; how high thought might elevate, the practice of virtue beautify, immunity from poverty and vulgar cares ennoble the race. What we note here is the universality of tricks and bad habits of countenance which need not have a worse source than neglect of appearances, inducing an aggregate of uncomeliness for which nature is not accountable. In keen wind and frost people cannot command their best looks; but observe one face after another as we drive along the road on a summer's day. How many faces are twisted into a permanence of ill-looks merely by screwing up the eyes against the sun's rays! The poor tramp cannot help the tan nor the sunburnt hair nor the freckles, but the utter abandonment to the screw—nose, mouth, forehead, all gathered into an unnatural coalition for miles at a time—implies an absence of self-respect; and this he could help. It is the

instinct of the observer to call himself to account on meeting one of these masks—to compose his features lest he should have given way to the degrading yet natural temptation. Again, that too common downward look and heavy mouth is a trick. One would not like to pass the scowling navvy in an unfrequented lane; but the fellow is honest and hardworking, the scowl is but a trick acquired behind his wheelbarrow. So is the grin which confers such a peculiar turpitude on many a countenance for which heart and brain are by no means answerable. And the women of the poorer class in streets and railway stations! What blinking eyes, what lowering brows, what abandonment of the mouth, till it has grown to twice the size civilization would have kept it. What seams and wrinkles and crinkles; what misplaced angles and corners! If some invisible hand could smooth them all away, and show us only the natural wear and tear of time, what a transformation!

But, after all, active tricks belong rather to another and a higher class. There is the simper, which though sometimes indicative of mental qualities may be only a habit of the muscles; the grimaces of pre-occupation, the unmeaning elevation of eyebrows carrying the ears along with them, which strangely varies the repose of some physiognomies; the stare of absent eyes, the scowl of near-sightedness, the winks and twitches of restlessness, all indicating a certain carelessness, an indifference of what others think of us, which results in an injustice to nature. It is only in some occult way that they are characteristics; they need not be, and the man would have been handsomer without them. And how many tricks disfigure the laugh! "You shall see him laugh till his face be like a wet cloak ill laid up," says Falstaff of Prince Hal—a self-abandonment which he acquired in company where self-restraint of any sort was least in his thoughts. And all tricks are objectionable, not only because they spoil a good face and exaggerate the worst points on a bad one, but because in their degree they outrage propriety. De Quincey, who expatiates on the meanness of Dr. Parr's personal appearance and his coarse and ignoble features, is careful to explain first that "I that write this paper have myself a mean personal appearance," and next that "I love men of mean appearance"; but he remarks how this original unkindness of nature "is enhanced by grimace, and further by the basilisk function of the eye," illustrating this by the trial it was to a nervous preacher to see a comical-looking old man from below levelling one eye at him. Tricks arise either from absence, shyness, or a sense of superiority and indifference to the opinion of the vulgar. Biography is full of the absurd personal habits of great men thus lifted out of the sphere of honest remembrance. We have just read in Wickham's Correspondence of Suwarrow, who looked a man when engaged in business, but while entertaining company would walk about the room with bent knees and head and hands hanging down like an idiot. Miss Seward, the biographer of Dr. Darwin, reports a habit in her hero which recalls that of the brutal Duke of Lauderdale who figures in the torture-scene of *Old Mortality*. We give it in her own words—Johnsonian periods:—"A strange habit was imputed to Dr. Darwin which presents such an exterior of idiot-seeming indelicacy that the author of this tract is tempted to express here entire disbelief of its truth—namely, that his tongue was generally hanging out of his mouth when he walked alone. She has often of late years met him in the streets of Lichfield, alone and musing, and never witnessed a custom so indecent." Certainly the "hard features on a rough surface and general clumsiness" attributed to the poet of the Botanical Garden did not need this aggravation. As a fact, the tricks we speak of are recorded mostly of persons who have no beauty to spare. Thus Margaret Fuller, the American Muse, is described as of extreme plainness, and with a trick of incessantly opening and shutting her eyelids. No doubt the consciousness of good looks, the memory of the image reflected in the morning mirror, is a preservative against distortion and grimace; while plain folks may throw themselves upon expression, and trust, as is often the case, that their glass does them less than justice, and that play of feature atones for ruggedness, clumsiness, or poverty of outline. But also the working of thought does in some people involve a visible effort and displacement of feature from mere innocent intentness. Especially where the mind guides the hand, we may almost see pulleys at work; as in Sam Veller writing his letter. Clenched teeth, lips drawn into a line, receding chin, all betoken a fixed determination to compass the matter in hand. The features in ungainly pantomime picture forth the inner struggle till we learn to undervalue a result bought at such cost and pains, and to justify the seeming unfairness which prefers "felicities" to the achievements of industry, "for they seem gifts while the other seem pennyworths," and often dear at the money.

Plainness is a misfortune so much to be aggravated by mismanagement, and to be redeemed and rendered tolerable by judicious treatment, that the consciousness of it should make no one unhappy. The ugliest of men boasted that he was only five minutes behind the handsomest in the favour of the ladies. This may be true where wit is thrown into the scale. But the plain man is also more bound to the proprieties and scruples of the toilet than his well-favoured brother. Old clothes and the suspicion of a soil tell on him with a damning effect, and yet this care must never merge into foppery. If he hits the golden mean his reward will come late but surely. At sixty or sixty-five he will be better worth looking at, be a pleasanter object for the eye to rest on, be welcomed with sweeter smiles, than the sloven of the same years, whatever his natural advantages. And age brings to many a tempta-

tion to slovenliness. No one can pretend that plainness is no trial to a woman; therefore we ought the more to honour the plain woman, who, hopeless of admiration, yet applies all the innocent arts of nicety, taste, and feminine tact, to set off homely features to the best advantage, and to produce a *tout ensemble* not conspicuously unlovely. Fortunately it is a point on which an unlimited amount of self-deception is possible, for there is a charm wholly independent of regularity and colour, and no woman can be sure that she has no faint air or shadowy touch of such fascination. There is a scene in the *Bourgeois Gentilhomme* greatly consolatory to these irregular beauties. The lover Cléonte, having been cut by Lucile when walking with her severely prudish aunt, comes on the stage in a violent rage, and calls upon his valet to point out all her imperfections, that he may at once nourish his anger and conquer his passion. "Elle, monsieur?" responds Covielle, "Voilà une belle mijaurée," a pretty piece of goods to die of love for! and proceeds very willingly to pick the fair bourgeoisie to pieces. He finds her "très-médiocre" in general, and for particulars he begins, "Elle a les yeux petits":—

CLÉONTE.—Cela est vrai, elle a les yeux petits, mais elle les a pleins de feu, les plus brillants, les plus perçants du monde, les plus touchants qu'on puisse voir.

Covielle persists:—

Elle a la bouche grande.

CLÉONTE.—Oui; mais on y voit des grâces qu'on ne voit point aux autres bouches; et cette bouche, en la voyant, inspire des desirs, est la plus attrayante, la plus amoureuse du monde.

Next Covielle objects to her figure, but, still acquiescing, the lover finds her shape easy, "bien prise," and so on and so on. In fact she was beautiful without being a beauty; and with all a Frenchwoman's skill made the best of herself.

Another encouragement for the large majority of mankind who do not come up to the ideal, who have been neglected by nature as models wrought in haste, is the suspicion and unattractiveness imparted to many of the pictures of beauty with which poets and authors of fiction have favoured us. There is Milton's Satan in the first place, and his Delilah, and Coleridge's richly-dressed lady, beautiful exceedingly—whom it was frightful there to see. Some of Thackeray's beauties, making great eyes at the men, have a touch of the demoniacal; Mr. Trollope's Lady Dumbello, with the smile and the trick of impassiveness, is not much better; and many of his handsome fellows, god-like without, are no better than pickpockets within. The other day we opened a novel which introduced a new epithet for unattractive beauty. "She was very beautiful," we read, "so pitilessly and undeniably beautiful, that she had long forgotten, as one may say, to express her beauty." But certainly never did beauty suffer, either in the daubing of the colours or the effect on the shuddering beholder, as it does in the sensational novel of our age. So that after a course of modern fiction we are quite ready to agree with the old writer, who, tired of the airs and exactions of the pretty fellows and the professed beauties of his day, resolves for the future to confine himself to the society of cheerful ugly creatures, as being much pleasanter company.

ITALY AND ITALIAN LIFE.

IT is not easy, even after years of residence in Italy, to do justice to its people or their life. A few months' stay at a French town tells one more of France than a whole lifetime at Como or Sorrento will tell of the sunnier South. In both cases, of course, a very little familiarity with actual facts soon clears off the ordinary formulæ in which Englishmen are accustomed to sum up national character; the typical Frenchman of gaiety and atheism dies down into the sober, bigoted peasant-farmer of Brittany or the Loire, and the theory of "Italian indolence" expires at the first sight of the terrace-culture of the Corniche. But in France it is easy to get beyond this first discovery, while in Italy it is very hard. French society is distinctly stratified by social and religious antipathies, by revolutions and counter-revolutions, by the subtle administrative action that finds its leverage in local and political diversity. A French country-town crystallizes, even to superficial observation, into sharply defined atoms—the official group at the Préfecture, the ecclesiastical circle at the Evêché, the little knot of Legitimists, faithful to whist and Henri Cing, the Orleanist grocers, the "Red" artisans, the country-folk flocking into market ready to vote black or white for peace and M. le Curé. All are French, of course, but each is a different France from its fellow, and it is perfectly easy to examine each separately and to gain some idea of the general relations and tendency of the whole. But in Italy it is by no means so easy. The old provincial diversities are being fast done away by the strong influences of national unity, of education, and of military service. Political and religious antipathies, real as they are, are tempered by the good-humour, the innate moderation, the caution and perhaps timidity of the Italian character. Social distinctions have never attained the Northern sharpness and precision. Equality is not, as with France, a dogma, but an easy, traditional habit of social existence. The marquis stops to hear the news from the talkative barber who lives in the ground-floor of his palazzo without a suspicion of loss to his dignity. The donkey-boy is amazed at the silent stare with which an English rider rebuffs his chatter. It is just as difficult to seize on any sharp lines of demarcation in the character of individuals. Everybody is civil,

good-humoured, talkative, and nobody leaves any very sharply defined impression.

Partly, no doubt, the difficulty arises from the past. "Italy," said a shrewd Italian, "begins with 1848." Only the strong mark that they have left on the national temper enables us to realize what were the ages of oppression and bigotry that preceded it. Men who were born under the rule of the priest and the Com-mandante find it hard, even after twenty years of freedom and toleration, to throw off the habits of their youth. Beneath the courtesy and good-nature of nine out of ten Italians, lies an almost instinctive caution and reticence. "You ask me why, now all danger is over and liberal principles in the ascendant, I find it hard to speak plainly," said an Italian advocate to a friend of ours. "Well, in my youth I was seized in the street, flung into prison, kept there six months, and then flung out again. I never knew my crime, I don't know it yet. Do you wonder that even now before I speak I look instinctively round for the spy or the carabinieri?" The change came too suddenly to have wholly modified the national character. But it is amusing to see how it is already modifying the habits of Italian life. Any one who has wandered much in the rural districts of Italy must have been struck by the number of villas forsaken by their owners and left to ruin and decay. The ruin and decay is an odd result of the freedom of '48. The severity of the laws prohibiting political associations in many of the Italian States made social life almost impossible. In some no conversation whatever was allowed in cafés; in others no larger number than three might converse together. There was little temptation for the small country proprietors to migrate into towns, while there were a hundred inducements of prudence and security to drive townsmen into the country. The advent of freedom restored at once the natural tendency of modern life. The charms of the café emptied the little villas among the olives, and population is fast flocking back to the towns. It is only necessary to listen to the common café talk to discover another result of the very recent beginning of anything like real life in Italy. Thought, conversation, discussion, all is political. Life is as yet barren in all the finer social themes which older societies supply. Moral or religious subjects, which in our own country are perhaps more fertile in discussions than any other, are quietly relegated to the priest. Art or artistic interest there is none. Literature, which under Austrian despotism offered so fair a promise in writers like Manzoni or Leopardi, has died down into translations from English or French. Even the topics suggested by the necessities of daily life lose interest in the all-absorbing presence of political discussion. Vigorous efforts have been made from time to time to establish agricultural societies and agricultural journals, but to little purpose. Even the farmer cares more for the Roman question than for that of the profit of olives or the prevention of grape-disease. In the towns it is of course worse. It is difficult for municipal authorities whose whole minds are bent on the highest problems of State policy to throw much interest into questions of lighting or draining. Nothing is perhaps more provoking to the ordinary Englishman who has just escaped from the boredom of the Session than to listen to a town Syndic eloquently declaiming on the statesmanship of Sella while a gutter is reeking unheeded beneath his nose, or to witness the utter indifference of a carriage full of passengers to the outrageous delays and unpunctuality of their train, while they are gesticulating and quarrelling over the abstract advantages of Royalty and Republicanism. But the political epoch has to come in the life of every free nation, and Italy is passing through hers fairly enough. No nation has had to face more complex or formidable problems, or to face them in a shorter time. National unity, the suppression of monasticism, the railway question, the question of a capital, the religious question, the question of free-trade, the educational question, the question of brigandage, have all had to be faced and settled in little more than twenty years. In those twenty years, too, Italy has had to get her new Parliamentary gear into working order, to organize a new system of civil administration, to create a national army and a national fleet, and this amidst the embarrassments of three wars, under the pressure of increasing taxation, with a foreign army encamped in the very heart of the country, and with the Papacy waging a secret but harassing warfare of disaffection and discontent through agents that exist in every parish church in the land. When we think of the years wasted in discussion before the Reform Bill was possible, or of the paralysis of English statesmanship before the Ribbonism and Fenianism of Ireland—difficulties of precisely the same nature and difficulty as the brigandage and Bourbonism of Naples and Sicily—we shall better appreciate the work which Italy has done. It has been done, as one might expect, roughly and imperfectly. Sicily is still no very safe place for travellers with more money than wit. Out of twenty-one millions of Italians seventeen are still unable to read or write. The efficiency of the means by which Italy has been made one has been only equalled by their unscrupulousness. But that the work has been done at all is probably owing to the intense political spirit which possesses the people, and to the perpetual political discussions that turn every café into a miniature St. Stephen's.

One class, here as elsewhere, stands apart from political life or political discussion. But the attitude of the Italian priesthood is very different from the attitude of fierce antagonism to all free constitutional development which makes the priesthood the curse of Belgium or Austria or France. The work of Rosmini and Gioberti has not been lost on the Italian clergy. After all, they

are Italians, and if they stand aloof from the contest which the State is waging with Rome, they are still cold and listless helpers in the war which Rome wages against their country. Rome is too near and too much akin to them to win the unquestioning reverence it receives on the other side the Alps. The meanest priest in Italy whispers the latest scandal about Antonelli, and laughs a laugh of good fellowship over Pio Nono's *bons mots*. The national character too, the national caution, perhaps a little of the national indolence, prevents the clergy of Italy from becoming a mere Papal militia. No Italian prelate could have uttered the well-known boast of a French archbishop, "My clergy are my regiment; I give them the word of command, and they march." It is not that there are many Liberals among them; the few that exist take refuge in professorships of the Lycées, and are objects of a vast amount of petty persecution from the bishops. But even among the bishops themselves the Papal spirit has by no means the intensity with which it possesses such prelates as Dr. Manning. The Archbishop of Milan, and his suffragan, the Bishop of Savona, made no secret of their opposition to the recent dogma of Infallibility. It was an Italian cardinal who whispered to the Archbishop of Paris his apprehension that the Church was being ruined by the Ecumenical Council. Among the inferior clergy it was well known that the announcement of the Papal resolve to declare the See of St. Peter infallible was received with coldness and reserve. But even were the spirit of the Italian clergy fiercer and more Papal than it is, their resistance to freedom would still be of a very different order from that of their German or French brethren. In Austria the Church is still wealthy, and supported by the higher military and aristocratic classes. Nearly a century has elapsed since the Revolution crushed the priesthood of France, and in the long interval it has had time to rally and reorganize. But the clergy of Italy are still stunned and cowed by the heavy blows which within a few years have reduced their wealth and power to poverty and political impotence. What that wealth and power was, a walk through any common Italian town shows plainly enough. Seven parochial churches, twice that number of chapels and oratories, a collegiate church with a numerous staff of wealthy canons, and more than twelve religious houses, constituted, only twenty years ago, the ecclesiastical staff of an ordinary city of some ten thousand inhabitants in the Riviera. The change which suppressed the monasteries, abolished the chantries, appropriated the Church lands, and reduced to three the number of parish churches, is only a specimen of the sweeping reform which has gone on over the length and breadth of Italy. Under blows so recent and so terrible the Italian clergy is still reeling. The pensioned monk, the disendowed priest, cling timidly to the wretched pittance which the State doles out to them. Of the open defiance which the German episcopate have from time to time hurled at their Liberal foes they never dream. Even the influence which the priesthood of France have striven hard to regain over the peasantry seems as yet hardly to have entered into their thoughts. And this is the more fortunate for the State, as there were elements of mischief among the ignorant and bigoted population of the country districts which a fanatical priesthood might have easily stirred into active resistance. The sale of the Church lands sent a thrill of horror through the bulk of the villagers; there were few or no peasant purchasers, and in many cases they had to be disposed of for a mere song to French or English speculators. To this day the peasant-women of the Riviera attribute the drought which has for some years robbed them of their olive crop to the wrath of Heaven at this sacrilegious robbery of the Church. The suppression of the monastic orders would have been impossible had the monks in any way attached to themselves the active sympathies of the people. In San Remo the house of the Capuchins is still suffered to exist. When the cholera decimated the town some thirty years ago, they alone remained bravely at their post, while the whole body of the monks and clergy fled panic-stricken. The people returned the service by demanding the exemption at least of the present inhabitants of the convent from the general sentence of suppression pronounced on the other religious houses of the town; and so strong was the feeling on the subject that the Government were forced reluctantly to consent. Luckily for the cause of ecclesiastical reform, there were few of the monastic bodies who had imitated the Capuchins of San Remo.

The truth is, that the common parochial clergy of Italy have little hold even on the religious sympathies of the people. Nothing can be more unlike an English clergyman's conception of his work than that entertained by an Italian curé. He has no work to do outside his church, and little work inside. He says mass every morning, and he is ready to offer these masses on behalf of any that will eke out his miserable stipend with a fee. He has no parochial schools to visit; he does no sick-visiting; he administers no relief to the poor. He is not troubled with preaching; a few minutes' talk on the Gospel on a Sunday afternoon is all that is expected, the actual preaching being reserved for the "Month of Mary," and conducted by Capuchins or other friars specially delegated by the bishop. He accompanies a funeral only to the outskirts of the town, and suffers the poor corpse to be tumbled into its grave in the desolate "campo santo" without a word of farewell. Even the confessional gives him little trouble; the dispossessed monks "have large sleeves," as the characteristic Italian proverb runs, and are the popular confessors. In parish administration he plays second fiddle to the "Confraternity" of the Church, a sort of conglomerate of our vestry and district-visitors, in whose hands all charity and poor relief are concentrated. He is for the most part a good-

tempered, ignorant fellow, wretchedly educated, and with a knowledge of matters outside his professional duties which lies in a very small compass indeed. England, for instance, he knows as a country about to return to the Catholic faith through the agency of people called "Posaistas," from their habit of trying to assume a Catholic attitude. Such men can have little influence even on the ignorant devotees who attend punctually at Sunday mass. Over Young Italy, the generation that is growing up under the new conditions of a free country, they have none at all. What the character or destiny of Young Italy will be it is difficult to say. At present one sees him in his worst aspect, lounging at cafés, rattling billiard-balls, aping French fashions, talkative, dissipated, ignorant, idle. His one great dread is of the conscription, and yet, absurdly numerous as the army is, and oppressive as seems the burden of taxation which it entails, it is to it that the wiser and more thoughtful Italians look for the moral regeneration of their country. No instrument has proved so effective in breaking down the narrow provincial jealousies that have been the ruin of Italy in the past. The Tuscan, the Venetian, the Neapolitan, once enlisted under the national colours, learns to feel equally with the Piedmontese that he is, above all, an Italian. The education given alike to the officer and the common soldier converts the army into a vast school for the people. And education is just now the great need of Italy. Two-thirds of its population, if we are to trust the recent report of Mamiani, are utterly without instruction. The efforts of the Government have been energetic enough, and the number of schools created in the South since the annexation of Naples shows the earnestness with which Italian statesmen have devoted themselves to the task. The scheme, too, of education, modelled as it is on the French system, is admirable enough. But the teaching is lax, and the attendance utterly inadequate. Whatever may be the objections to compulsion in countries accustomed to self-government, its absence in a land where governmental action is omnipotent is a great obstacle to educational progress. Extensive changes have, however, been announced in the school system, and it may be that the introduction of compulsory attendance will be one of them. The occupation of Rome has removed the last obstacle to a free development of national life, and education, like other social needs, will profit, we trust, by the strenuous efforts of an unfettered Italy.

THE GOVERNMENT AND VACCINATION.

MR. FORSTER, in moving for the appointment of a Committee to inquire into the operation of the Vaccination Act, made a speech which, as Sir C. Adderley very naturally remarked, would have been almost equally applicable in opposing the appointment of a Committee. He spoke in the strongest terms of his own profound conviction that Vaccination was of the utmost use, and he added that his conviction was undoubtedly shared by every member of the House. The reasons which he assigned were amply sufficient to justify the confidence with which he spoke. Vaccination, as he pointed out, has reduced the death-rate due to small-pox from 3,000 to 200 per million of our population. In Scotland and Ireland, where there has been complete compulsion, the disease has been almost stamped out. The same result has followed in those parts of England where the law has been adequately enforced. In the Small-pox Hospital, again, where the danger to the attendants must be at a maximum, but where the precaution of re-vaccination is systematically adopted, not a single case of small-pox has occurred for the last thirty-four years. Against all this there is absolutely nothing to be set of the smallest importance in the eyes of scientific observers. It is only natural that the Government and the House of Commons should be, as they obviously are, thoroughly convinced of the efficacy of the precaution thus adopted.

Another point may be regarded as equally clear—namely, that the present arrangements for securing vaccination in London and other great towns are utterly insufficient. Mr. W. H. Smith quoted some statistics which bring this out in a very clear light. In a particular district in the metropolis the average annual number of births during the period from 1856 to 1867 was 1,287, and the vaccinations averaged 962; in 1868 the vaccinations fell to 685, in 1869 to 448, and in 1870 to 253. In other words, it is plain that in parts of London a large majority of the population have not, for the last few years, been vaccinated at all; and the consequence is precisely that which would naturally have been predicted—namely, that small-pox is now raging with great violence, and is being carefully disseminated by the arrangements made by our local authorities. The precaution is neglected in spite of the notorious facts described by Mr. Forster; and the disease immediately takes advantage of our laxity and introduces itself amongst the population so admirably prepared for its assaults. We have allowed our defences to fall out of repair; and the enemy has entered by the breaches. What can be more natural? and, we may add, what more obvious than the conclusion to be drawn? The Government, one would have thought, should act energetically to arrest the progress of the danger; they should make up their minds as to the weak places in our system, and set about strengthening them with all practicable expedition.

This, however, is not the official view of the case. Mr. Forster admits all that we have been saying; he states that small-pox is increasing, that it can be diminished, that it ought to be diminished, and he infers that we should inquire into the subject.

It must be admitted that this is a rather lame and impotent conclusion, and seems to justify Sir C. Adderley's protest. Let us, however, inquire a little further into the precise reasons alleged by Mr. Forster. A compulsory system, he says, is necessary in order to contend against ignorance, against apathy, and against the interested motives which prey upon ignorance. These hostile forces are to be encountered by reason as well as by force, and therefore we are to have an inquiry in order to convince the opponents of the law that they are in error. Such an inquiry is also due to the feelings of the parents, and to strengthen the hands of Guardians. We should like to feel a little more certainty that granting an inquiry will have the effect thus anticipated. A certain number of intelligent gentlemen will be taking evidence for some months to come; they will make a Report, stating what everybody knew before, that vaccination is a preventive of small-pox, and they will publish a voluminous blue-book containing ample demonstrations of the true state of the case. That is all very well; but what effect will it have upon the ignorant persons whom Mr. Forster wishes to enlighten? Dr. Brewer informs us that "domestic servants, barmen, cabmen, 'busmen, and coachmen," have certain prejudices against vaccination. It is highly desirable that these prejudices should be cleared up; and if there was any method for circulating amongst the classes in question a clear and simple statement of the grounds on which the efficacy of vaccination is defended, we should say that it would be a very useful performance. We have not, however, observed that "busmen" are much in the habit of studying blue-books; and we should say that the information conveyed in those ponderous productions is rather slow in filtering down to the lower classes. Meanwhile, those interested persons, as Mr. Forster gently calls them, who make a profit by preying upon ignorance, are very little likely to be affected by any quantity of blue-books that can ever be produced. It is melancholy that there should be a large class of men who help to increase the most mischievous prejudices in order to fill their own pockets; there is no variety of social nuisance which is in every sense more detestable than the unprincipled quack; if it were only possible for the law to reach them, the severest punishment would not be too harsh to meet their case. Still, as they do exist and flourish, it is plain enough what use they will make of a Committee of Inquiry. They will of course say, and say with a certain *prima facie* probability, that inquiry implies doubt. They will brag of the success they have obtained. They will say that it is all very well for doctors to talk of the certainty of Jenner's theory, but that Parliament has consented to reopen the question. Mr. Forster may express his convictions as strongly as he pleases; but the fact remains, whatever interpretation may be put upon it. The simple argument will naturally commend itself to simple minds—You inquire; therefore you are not so certain as you profess to be. Will not the "busmen" be apt to draw the inference? The same difficulty seems to apply to Mr. Forster's anticipation of strengthening the hands of Guardians. How will their hands be strengthened? Certainly, so long as the Committee is sitting, the effect will be different. The law, it is said, is to be rigidly enforced; but undoubtedly it is difficult to enforce a law at the very moment when an inquiry is being held into its efficacy. There is a demand for immediate action, and for the next few months everybody, whether a designing quack or an ignorant "busman," who objects to such action, will be able to say with some plausibility that the highest authorities are still uncertain. The ultimate result will no doubt be to strengthen the argument for vaccination; but if every sensible man is already convinced, this accumulation of superfluous proof is little likely to produce any palpable effect. If quacks and "busmen" are not convinced by the cases put so pointedly by Mr. Forster, neither will they be convinced though the biggest of blue-books should overwhelm them with masses of statistical information.

So far, then, it would appear that the Government is giving in once more to the prevalent fashion of shirking responsibility. It can never act even on the plainest evidence unless it can creep behind the shield of a Committee. Such inquiries have their use in such cases as the Trade-Unions Commission, when a great deal of previously inaccessible information was accumulated; or in the case of the Contagious Diseases Act, where a new experiment is being tried, whose results present a fair field for investigation. But there is a point at which inquiry should be brought to a close. We cannot go on discussing notorious truths indefinitely, and re-opening every question on which any eccentric or ignorant or interested person is inclined to dissent from the general opinion. So long as there is any reasonable doubt, inquire by all means as much as you please; but when all intelligent observers, and even all members of the House of Commons, have thoroughly made up their minds, then surely it is the time for acting, and for acting vigorously. Mr. Forster, however, has another and certainly a more plausible reason to allege. He says that suggestions have been made for the amendment of the Act which deserve consideration. This indeed is obvious at first sight. The Act is not working satisfactorily in England, and it ought to be made to work satisfactorily. But then the question remains as to how the appropriate means of reform are to be discovered. Is the Government to take the matter into consideration for itself, or is it to beg somebody else to suggest a policy? Of course if Mr. Forster and the officials concerned are unable to devise any improvements for themselves, they must apply to other people for suggestions. They may, if they please, advertise in the *Times* for inventors of improved legislative machinery, or they may set a dozen members of the House of Commons to look

about for appropriate remedies. It is not for us to say whether Mr. Forster and his colleagues are or are not competent to the task. We can only remark that, so far as it goes, the proposal for a Committee is simply a confession of legislative incapacity. The end to be sought is perfectly clear; the Government have the best means of knowing where the means at present in use break down; and surely they ought to have sufficient ingenuity to discover the appropriate remedy, and to suggest it to the House of Commons. The Bills for National Education or for changing Irish Land laws or for Army Reform necessarily throw upon Government the responsibility of constructing elaborate schemes for securing certain results; Ministers did not in such cases ask Committees to devise a plan for them, and we are unable to discover why they should pronounce themselves unequal to the much lighter task of securing a good system of vaccination. If, indeed, the Ministry are really incapable of devising an appropriate measure, what are the matters for which they do think themselves competent? and if they are incapable, why should they suppose that a Committee of the House of Commons will be more equal to so perplexing a task? The power of initiating schemes in such matters is just one of those things in which a Government should prove its efficiency, and by deserting such duties it exhibits itself in a painfully helpless attitude. In short, it seems to us that the inquiry, so far as it implies, or will seem to ignorant people to imply, a reopening of the whole question, is calculated to do vast mischief; and so far as it is intended to get Parliament to do what ought to be done by Government, it is calculated to produce unnecessary delay, and probably ineffectual legislation. We wish we could feel quite certain that the proposal was not meant chiefly to throw a sop to certain awkward constituents whose votes may depend more or less on the vaccination question. Such little cliques have done harm enough in many directions, and we should be sorry to have a new illustration of their powers of mischief.

THE VOYSEY JUDGMENT.

THE judgment in the Voysey case sets out with tolerable completeness the principles of interpretation applied to the formularies of the Church of England by the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council. Their true construction is first arrived at according to the legal rules for the interpretation of statutes and written instruments. If the result of this process leaves no doubt as to their meaning in the minds of the Judges, the plain grammatical sense of the passages alleged to be inconsistent with the doctrine of the Church is next ascertained, and compared with the words of the Articles. If, however, the formularies give an uncertain sound—and some of the formularies of the Church of England do give a very uncertain sound—the Committee does not hold itself bound to determine their precise meaning. The Judges may be of opinion that this or that particular construction is supported by the greater weight of reasoning, but they will not insist on this construction being accepted by the defendant as long as a different interpretation can be maintained with any fair show of reason. It is at this point of a case that the Judicial Committee will consider evidence tending to show that opinions of a similar character to those charged as heretical have been held without challenge or molestation by eminent divines. No amount of such precedents will avail a defendant who is considered by the Court to have contravened the plain and only meaning of an Article; but where the meaning is fairly open to dispute, these precedents will be of great weight in inducing the Court to allow a similar latitude of interpretation to the accused, and to refrain from giving any authoritative decision as to the doctrine of the Church on the point in question. The application of this last rule at once disposed of a great part of Mr. Voysey's defence. He quoted a number of passages in which theologians, some of them of great name in the Church, have put a different sense upon some passage in the Prayer Book from that generally or popularly assigned to it, and from this he deduced his own right to interpret other passages in whatever way he chose, provided he did not formally contradict them. Even if his position had been admitted, it could hardly have saved him; for in some of his statements he seems altogether to pass the line which divides inconsistent explanation from formal contradiction. But it may clear up some confusion as to the extent to which the fact that many of the Articles have always been held susceptible of different interpretations may serve as a defence to a clergyman arraigned for heresy, to have it clearly laid down that the opinions of other divines on which the defendant relies for his justification must have reference to the doctrine which he is charged with impugning, must be similar to those held by him, and must not be inconsistent with any Article as to the meaning of which the Committee consider that no reasonable doubt exists. Thus, supposing a clergyman to hold transubstantiation, the Committee will attach no weight to the plea that other clergymen have held that infants are not regenerated in baptism, or that absolution by a priest is superstitious. Nor will they take into consideration quotations tending to show that opinions upon the Real Presence scarcely distinguishable from transubstantiation have been allowed in the Church of England, unless they are first satisfied that the Article which is alleged to condemn transubstantiation admits of being read in more than one sense.

The Judicial Committee had no difficulty in deciding that most of the passages from Mr. Voysey's writings cited by the prosecu-

tion were inconsistent with the plain meaning of the Articles. If Mr. Voysey had been scheming to get himself deprived, it might have been said that many of his sermons were preached simply *ex majore cautela*. He seems determined to let no opportunity pass of bringing himself into conflict with the law. One group of statements is declared inconsistent with the Second, the Fifteenth, and the Thirty-first Articles; another with the Second, the Ninth, and the Eleventh Articles; another with the First, the Second, the Fourth, and the Eighth Articles; another with the Sixth and the Twentieth Articles. Mr. Voysey's method is usually to take some one statement in an Article, or in some other Article which he declares himself willing to accept, and then to reject all the rest of the Article he is dealing with as contradictory of this truth, and therefore lawfully to be rejected. For example, he says in effect, I believe the doctrine of the Church of England that there is but one God; therefore I am warranted in denying the doctrine of the Trinity, because this is incompatible with faith in the Divine Unity. It is obvious that by this method of treatment every statement of doctrine, however carefully worded, would admit of being evaded. Mr. Voysey would no doubt see the absurdity of his own method if it were applied to other than theological subjects. He would hardly contend, for instance, that a pure Materialist could honestly say, Man consists of a body and a soul, because his admission that man consists of a body justifies him in denying the incompatible assertion that man consists of a soul. Yet his treatment of the Articles which deal with the Incarnation is very much of this kind. Another of his modes of getting over a statement in the formularies is to accept it only in a secondary and analogical sense. Thus he would describe himself as accepting the statement in the Nicene Creed that Christ is Very God of Very God, begotten not made; but then it turns out that his acceptance of it only amounts to this:—"And so God, the great Creator, has wedded to himself the great visible Universe, and out of that mystical marriage has come as offspring the human family—a race of beings noble even as animals, but surpassing all we yet know of created life in being born of God—Very God of Very God, begotten not made, a statement as true of all of us as of Him who was called the first-born among many brethren." If this amount of compliance is to be held sufficient, it is hardly possible to conceive of any theological dogma which might not be accepted by the most open unbeliever. If statements made originally of a single person may be so explained as to make them applicable to the whole human race, the particular meaning of the Article which contains them disappears altogether. What would Mr. Voysey say of a Court that held that B might succeed to an estate as A's brother, not because it believed that there was any special relationship between them, but simply on the ground that all men are brethren?

The part of the judgment which will excite most controversy is the rule laid down as to the limits of Biblical criticism:—"It is not consistent with the Sixth Article for any private clergyman of his own mere will, not founding himself upon any critical inquiry, but simply upon his own taste and judgment, to assert that whole passages of such canonical books are without any authority whatever, as being contrary to the teaching of Christ contained in others of the canonical books. We think that no private clergyman can do that which the whole Church is, by the Twentieth Article, declared to be incompetent to do—namely, expound one part of Scripture in a manner repugnant to another." The expressions "of his own mere will" and "his own taste and judgment" are certainly ill-chosen, but to the general drift of this passage no fair exception can be taken. We understand it to mean that if in the progress of criticism any passages of the canonical books are proved to be spurious, it will be allowable for a clergyman to reject them as of no authority. They are, in fact, not part of the canonical Scriptures. What is not allowable for a clergyman to do is to reject passages of the canonical books against the authenticity of which no valid critical arguments have been brought, merely because he dislikes their contents. The Church of England accepts a certain collection of writings as canonical, and requires her ministers so to frame their faith and teaching as that they shall be in harmony with these writings taken as a whole. If scholars can show that passages which have been assumed to be part of these writings are not really part of them, the Church will accept the correction. But she does not recognise the moral sense of individual clergymen as the test by which the claim of these writings to be canonical is to be judged. No restriction is placed on textual or historical criticism. The whole Fourth Gospel may be left out of the canon if its adversaries can demonstrate that it is the late forgery some of them allege it to be. But so long as it remains in the canon no clergyman will be allowed to reject its teaching on the score that it is inconsistent with the teaching of the other three Gospels. The Church of England maintains that the New Testament admits of being combined into a harmonious doctrinal whole, and the law will not allow her clergy to take so much of this whole as they like, and to reject the rest as incapable of being reconciled with the part which they have taken.

If it is objected that these prohibitions are injurious to freedom of inquiry, it may be answered that they are no more so than the rules of any association which claims to be in possession of certain truths necessarily must be. The College of Physicians, for example, is not held to put undue limits on freedom of inquiry because it forbids its members to become homoeopaths. It encourages them to weigh carefully the new truths that homoeopathy claims to teach, but it maintains that the system, as a

whole, is founded in error, and that in rejecting the usual pharmacopœia homœopathists are guilty of a great medical blunder. To profess to be a teacher involves the profession that you have something to teach, and to so extend freedom of inquiry as to allow the Anglican clergy to deny that they have any certain truths to communicate would be to deprive the Church of one of her chief functions. There is ample room for this class of inquirers outside her pale, and it is surely better that they should openly retire from her communion than that they should reduce the doctrines she professes to hold to a series of verbal juggles. The cause of honest inquiry is not served by its being converted into an experiment as to how far it is possible to dilute the significance of propositions without actually denying them.

PROPER IMPROPRIETY.

AN action has been tried in the Brighton County Court in which Madlle. La Ferté, a French dancer, was plaintiff, and Mr. Botham, the proprietor of the Oxford Music-Hall at Brighton, was defendant. We cannot approach the consideration of this important case without remarking upon the testimony to the popularity of an ancient and learned University which is afforded by the common assumption of its name by the superior class of music-halls. Some years ago, on returning from one of the many boat-races in which Oxford was victorious, a party of Cambridge undergraduates were heard discussing the cause of the fact, which appeared to them to be unquestionable, that Oxford was more popular along the river-side and in London generally than Cambridge. One member of the party suggested that the cause was that Oxford men spent more money, to which another member answered that Cambridge men spent all the money they had, and he did not see what they could do more. Happening to overhear this conversation, we coincided in opinion with the last speaker. But whatever be the cause, it certainly is the fact that the name of Oxford is more current in the mouths of the population of the metropolis than that of Cambridge, and it seems to be supposed that by giving that name to a music-hall a guarantee is afforded that it will be a pattern to music-halls in general, and particularly that it will exhibit the Parisian cancan in its genuine and original form.

It appears that Mr. Botham, feeling the responsibility of managing a music-hall which called itself by the illustrious name of "Oxford," desired to obtain the assistance of Madlle. La Ferté, who had formed a troupe of dancers for performing in the provinces. An agent of Mr. Botham, who communicated with Madlle. La Ferté, stated that he was informed by her that her troupe was superior to any other, that her costume was that of Louis XIV., and that all the members of the troupe were French. The agent, after hearing this lady's account of herself and her companions, informed his employer, upon grounds which are to our mind slightly unintelligible, that "this troupe was the only one which could draw the most modest of audiences." There are probably degrees in modesty, as well as in everything else, but when the question is about witnessing the "Parisian cancan" performed by ladies wearing the costume of Louis XIV., or of any other period, we should have thought that any reference to modesty was superfluous. But if it be true that the audience of this music-hall are among the "most modest," we are happy to think that this is one of the qualities indicated by the name of "Oxford." The lady and her troupe were engaged by Mr. Botham's agent, and they appeared at his music-hall, but did not give him satisfaction. It resulted from one night's trial either that her conception of the Parisian cancan was different from his, or that her execution of it was defective. She alleged that he complained that her dancing was not sufficiently Parisian, or, to use a plainer word, indecent, while he alleged that his complaint had been that the dancing of some members of the troupe was, as in fact it was, unskilful. He put an end to the engagement, and he contended before the Court that he was justified in so doing; and thus the question to be tried was whether Madlle. La Ferté or any of her assistants were imperfect in their art, or whether Mr. Botham had set up the pretext of incompetency as a disguise to his real motive, which was disappointment at the propriety of gesture and fulness of clothing with which the Parisian cancan was performed. We should have thought that this was a case in which the jury who had to try it might have sought information otherwise than by their ears. We believe that in a case where the question was as to the ferocity of a dog the animal was brought into Court (but not, if we remember rightly, into the jury-box), to enable the jury to judge of his disposition. Following this precedent, an inquiry into the skilfulness or propriety of the dancing of Madlle. La Ferté's troupe might have been assisted by a performance of the Parisian cancan in or near the Court. If such cases were likely to become common, it might be useful for the Benchers of the Inns of Court to revive their obsolete rule as to solemn dancing by the students in their halls, so that those students might possess practical familiarity with questions which might come before them either as advocates or as judges. According to the evidence of the plaintiff, the complaint of the defendant was that both her dress and her performance left off too soon. He came to her room and said that she ought to dance again in compliance with an encore, and also that her dancing was too respectable for the Oxford Music-Hall at Brighton. "The dancing at the Mabille was very different, and he required that. The dresses worn by her troupe were

too long and not low enough." She answered that she could not dance in the style he required, and that, if she could and did, she would expose him to the risk of losing his license. He replied that "he did not fear that, because it was not the custom in Brighton to withdraw a license for the cancan." According to another witness, the defendant said that "the dresses were very pretty, but not indecent enough." If the audiences at Brighton are among the "most modest," it is not perhaps important that the law, or its practice, allows a liberty at the music-halls which they frequent that has been restrained in London. The cancan, as we know, has been forbidden at the Alhambra in Leicester Square; but then what is the cancan? Madlle. La Ferté says that it is a quadrille that is danced in every drawing-room, a statement which will perhaps astonish people who have danced in drawing-rooms nearly as much as did the information given to a character in a well-known play that he had been talking prose all his lifetime.

It was admitted by the plaintiff that the members of her troupe had been recently engaged, and that some of them were English. Indeed, one of them stated that she was engaged on the 4th of January, and had never danced before. She made her first appearance on the 16th of the same month, so that she must have learned her business, if she had learned it, in twelve days. Without presuming to express an opinion as to this lady's general proficiency in dancing, we may venture to surmise that the cancan might be learned by a ready pupil in less time. We know nothing and we say nothing as to the character of the entertainment at the Brighton Music-Hall, but we may remark that there are managers, and probably spectators, who would allow the want of skill to be supplied by an extra touch of indecency. The destitution which was represented to have been produced among a large class of performers by the refusal of a dancing license to the Alhambra has apparently been mitigated by the eagerness of the provinces to be supplied with that which the capital has rejected. If an English girl is sent upon the stage after twelve days' instruction, it seems to follow that experienced performers, English or foreign, can have no difficulty in finding engagements. It might be a difficult legal question whether, supposing that Madlle. La Ferté undertook to perform the "Parisian cancan" at Brighton, she undertook that the performers or only that the performance should be Parisian. It was not necessary, however, to decide this question. The judge had, fortunately for himself, the assistance of a jury, and upon them he devolved the duty of determining whether the plaintiff was dismissed because her dancing was too decent, or whether it was because she and her troupe were incompetent to perform their duty. He told the jury that if they found a verdict for the plaintiff she would be entitled to the salary agreed upon for the time of her engagement, and it would be for the jury to say whether they thought her entitled to anything further "in consequence of damage to her reputation as a dancer." The jury found a verdict for the plaintiff for the agreed amount of salary, and they discreetly avoided entering upon a difficult inquiry as to further damage. The jury have adopted the plaintiff's version of her dispute with the defendant, and therefore their verdict may be taken as meaning that Mr. Botham's complaint was not that the troupe or some members of it were unskilful, but that they were too modest. We ought, indeed, to observe that Mr. Botham's complaint, as he put it, was that Madlle. La Ferté did not dance the cancan "properly"; and the use of this word "properly" raises a question even more perplexing than any which we have hitherto discussed. As a late learned judge was fond of saying, "a jury would decide this question, and how they would decide it heaven knows." If we attempted to form an opinion of our own upon such an abstruse matter, we should conjecture that dancing the cancan as we should say "improperly" was what the defendant supposed that he had engaged the plaintiff to do at the Oxford Music-Hall at Brighton. But still the defendant is entitled to our admission that his complaint, as stated by himself, was that there was a want of propriety in the plaintiff's dancing. The jury, having found a verdict for the plaintiff, have perhaps negatived this allegation of the defendant, or, in other words, have determined that she danced the cancan properly. But she says that he said that she did not dance the cancan improperly enough; and the jury believed her. It seems to follow that they found that she did dance the cancan with the due amount of impropriety as per contract, as well as with adequate agility. But what then is the supposed imputation upon her professional character? The judge must necessarily have meant to ask the jury whether she was injured by being called modest, and this question the jury wisely avoided answering.

THE COMMONS ENCLOSURE BILL.

THE subject of Enclosure of Commons requires much consideration, and we are glad to observe that the Government has lost no time in bringing a Bill on this subject before Parliament. Among many questions which arise in connexion with it, one of the most important is that of preserving if possible to the public the enjoyment which has hitherto been open to them in the mountainous districts of Cumberland and North Wales. In the discussion of this subject on Tuesday last in the House of Commons, it was remarked that "it was necessary to take measures for preserving ancient footpaths over the mountains in the Lake district, or many members would find their autumnal enjoyment interfered with." The author of this remark, like many

other visitors to the same delightful region, has imperfectly considered the extent and nature of the right which he probably supposes himself to exercise when he ascends a mountain. He will, however, readily perceive that the most liberal recognition of "ancient footpaths" in this district would not give him what he requires for the enjoyment of his autumnal holiday. The charm of these and all other mountains is the liberty to go up and down and about them as inclination prompts. This liberty has been, and is likely for a long time to come to be, almost unrestricted in the Lake district; but if an attempt were made to restrict it, that attempt could not be resisted by setting up any mere rights of way which, according to English law, could possibly be maintained. The public who ascend Helvellyn are, in a strictly legal view, no more than permitted trespassers. There may be, and probably is, some right of way over this mountain, but there is not, and cannot be, a legal right commensurate with the enjoyment of tourists who range the mountain at their pleasure. The chief delight of many tourists is to ascend or descend by untrampled paths, and it cannot be supposed that public right is co-extensive with individual caprice. These mountains are left open to tourists because it would be practically impossible to close them, and in deference to custom and public opinion, and for the sake of the profit derived from visitors to the district; but the permissive user thus accorded gives in law no right.

It may be useful, in preparation for further discussions on this Bill, to examine a little more closely into this supposed right of the public to range at will over commons and waste places, and we happen to have the means of doing so by reference to a case tried at the Assizes at Guildford, and reported in the *Times* of the 15th of August last. We believe that the litigation of that case was promoted by a Society for preserving these supposed rights, and the exertions of that Society were the more praiseworthy because they resulted in a decision adverse to its view. The action was brought for trespass on a small piece of land formerly part of Wandsworth Common. This piece of land had been lately enclosed, and the trespass was committed in the assertion of a supposed right of the public or of the inhabitants of the neighbourhood to do that which undoubtedly they had done before the enclosure—that is, to walk or ride over it in all directions at their pleasure. The law was carefully expounded to the jury by Chief Justice Bovill, and although he stated nothing which was not well known to lawyers, yet members of Parliament who are not lawyers may find his exposition both novel and surprising. He pointed out that from the nature of these wastes, lying as they did open and unenclosed, with rights of common over them, it was natural and inevitable that people should go everywhere all over them, and their doing so did not afford the same evidence of a right as similar user would afford in the case of private and enclosed land. In the latter case acquiescence on the part of the owner was shown by the fact that for many years people went over the land, because it was presumed that if he objected he would interpose to prevent it. But a similar inference did not arise in cases of open and unenclosed wastes or commons. In such cases persons, whether on horseback or on foot, went in every direction, as by so doing they caused no real damage, and there was nobody to interfere with them, and no means of preventing them. The owner of the soil was at a distance, the commoners had no interest in preventing what was no injury to them, and even if the owner was on the spot, what could he do, and how was he to prevent it? He could do nothing to prevent it short of enclosing the common, which could not be done without consent or an Act of Parliament, and erecting a fence across the common would be illegal. Hence the user by the public of such wastes and commons in that way was not sufficient to establish a general right over them. It was necessary to show a user as of right of some definite way between certain points. And a user would not be as of right unless it was such as would show a dedication by the owner to the public. Such a dedication might probably be shown in cases of main and necessary roads between principal places, but it could not be inferred from mere general user in the sense of a usage to go everywhere, or from mere tracks, which were often transitory and fleeting in their character. It was necessary to show circumstances from which the intention of the owner to dedicate the way to the public could fairly be inferred. In the case before the Court there was little beyond mere general user, and that was not enough. There must be such user as showed a dedication.

This clear and authoritative statement of the law may be easily applied to the circumstances of the Lake district, as many of us remember them. It should be observed here that the preservation of ancient footpaths is a laudable and, in many parts of England, a highly necessary undertaking. We should cordially approve the formation of a society for that object, but we should disapprove any attempt to claim under the name of footpaths rights of a far more extensive character. Not only the mountains but the lakes of this district are enjoyed by the public as mere permissive trespassers. It is, as Chief Justice Bovill said, "natural and inevitable" that people should go everywhere all over the mountains and lakes, and therefore their doing so would not afford sufficient legal evidence of their right to do so. There is usually nobody to interfere with them, and no means of preventing their incursions. But it would be easy to show a user as of right of a definite way between certain well-known points. Thus, to take a familiar illustration, there is probably a legal right of way from Keswick, on one side of Skiddaw, over the mountain to Castle Inn on the other side; but there is almost certainly no legal right

to spend a long summer's day in picnicing on the top and exploring the slopes of Skiddaw. We believe that an attempt has been made to exclude the public from one of the lakes of Cumberland, but we have heard of no such attempt as regards the mountains; and unless it should be suddenly discovered that they are fertile in gold or diamonds, landlords are likely to gain more by encouraging tourists than by excluding them. There are, however, other districts of England equally delightful, although less frequented by tourists, which are threatened with great and, in our view, lamentable change. Much discussion has been had during the last year as to the proposed enclosure of the New Forest, and our impression is that this enclosure is favoured by a great number of influential persons. There is a utilitarian view of these questions as well as a view which we will call without disrespect to those who hold it—for among them we should certainly include ourselves—sentimental. It is odd that the sentimental view is now applied to commons and open spaces near London, while as regards the New Forest the utilitarians appear but too likely to carry matters entirely their own way. In the first place, the enclosure of this Forest would be profitable to the Crown. Next, good crops might be grown on land which is now almost barren. Further, the dwellers in the Forest who derive uncertain benefits from it in its present state are represented as idle and improvident. Parsons and political economists who agree in nothing else agree in recommending the enclosure of the New Forest. The reasons for this enclosure are exactly the same as those which prevailed early in this century, when a large part of Epping Forest was enclosed, to the manifest injury of posterity. The New Forest as it stands now is a lovely memorial of the England of olden time. It has a beauty which is becoming rare, and which, when destroyed, cannot be restored. But if for economical or moral considerations the New Forest is condemned to enclosure, we can hardly hope that it will be preserved out of regard for picturesque scenery or for the supposed rights of the public to loiter beneath its oaks. Fewer visitors resort to the New Forest than to the Lake district, but they go for the same purpose of enjoyment, and they are liable to the application of the same rule of law. It is evident that the principle of an allotment of recreation ground, which is a valuable principle in many cases, is inadequate in such a case as that of the New Forest, and still more in that of the unenclosed residue of Epping Forest, the whole of which most certainly ought to be preserved as nearly as possible in its present state for the enjoyment of the inhabitants of the metropolis. The Bill which was introduced into the House of Commons by Mr. Shaw Lefevre on Tuesday evening is, so far as we see at present, a good Bill, but we hardly suppose that it is adequate to the occasion. It appears to do at once too much and too little. It interferes with what have been hitherto considered as unquestionable proprietary rights, and yet it stops short of securing to the public enjoyments with which these rights threaten to conflict. It may be in the highest degree desirable that a common near a large town should not be enclosed, and yet it seems inequitable that the owner of the common should be deprived of all benefit from his property merely because that property is so situated as to be exceptionally valuable. If the inhabitants of a large town have been used to resort for health and pleasure to a forest of a thousand acres, it is almost ridiculous to offer them a prim recreation-ground of ten acres. But if they require the whole forest, it seems reasonable that they should pay for it, just as the inhabitants of the metropolis are, we are glad to say, going to pay for Hampstead Heath. Of this transaction we will only say here that Londoners have never laid out their money to better purpose.

A NEW "PAPISTS' BLOODY REGISTER."

THE paralysis of commercial speculation in France has no doubt reached the busy trade of almanac-compilers. The French have shown for many years, both in Paris and the large cities, a wonderful fertility in the production of these annuals. We have in England our one and only Zadkiel, for we believe that the seventy thousand purchasers of whom he boasts have never granted many successive years of life to any of his temporary rivals; the gorgeous coloured apocalypse with which Raphael year after year sought to seduce them to prefer his *Prophetic Messenger* no longer flames from the booksellers' windows. But the French had, until this year, choice of an astounding number of soothsaying calendars, such as *Le Dragon Rouge*, *le Grand Grimoire*, and hosts of almanacs—*Prophétique*, *des Prophéties*, *Prophétiseur*, *Prognostique*, *Astrologique*, *Cabalistique*, and the like. Every trade and profession, every age, every condition was offered its own almanac. There were almanacs "des Amants," "du Bon Laboureur," "des Enfants," "des Guerriers," of which, and of hundreds more, M. Charles Nisard published a lively analysis in the first volume of his *Histoire des Livres Populaires* a few years ago. The publication of peculiar and special almanacs seems to be passing over to England. We have long had a dreary succession of comic almanacs, each a slavish repetition of its predecessors or its rivals. Some ingenuity has been spent for the last two or three years in the production of a "Shakspeare Almanac," based on the model of the Tract Society's almanacs which give a text for every day of the year. There is, however, this difference, that the compilers of Bible-text almanacs seem to make a hit-or-miss plunge into a concordance, and print the very first text they can seize, while the compiler of the "Shakspeare Almanac" has sought to fit an apt Shakspeare text to some of those births or deaths or

battles which are so oddly sprinkled up and down ordinary almanacs. It would be a curious sight to see the penny-almanac compiler at work. After he has put down "Easter Day," "Christmas Day," "Grouse-shooting commences," "Pheasant and partridge shooting ends," "Hilary term begins," "Queen Victoria married," and a few more such necessary entries, he sees a number of vacant spaces in which he can show his originality, or his military, artistic, musical, or scientific predilections. From a penny almanac—not compiled for artists—we lately found out when "Flaxman died"; but we could not find out why the buyer ought to remember this particular event; no other artist was mentioned, though there were three hundred and sixty-five opportunities. It is said that the late manufacturer of a weather almanac used to sit at one desk firing off the monosyllables "wind, rain, hail, snow, wet, cloud, dry," &c., interchangeably, while his clerk sat at another desk attaching the dictated word to whatever day of the coming year had its line vacant. It was only necessary to be on the guard against running "snow" too far into summer, or heat too far into winter. Three hundred years ago Montaigne referred caustically to the almanac-compilers' weather freaks. The ordinary trade almanac is made up, we presume to think, in much the same way. The compiler reads from a cyclopædia of biography or dictionary of dates whatever birth, death, or battle comes first, and the clerk sits with a blank almanac before him, and puts down against the 18th of November the useful information "Cardinal Pole died, 1558," unless indeed he finds the space already occupied; in this case he asks for another date.

Every special almanac requires a special calendar. Thus in the "Lover's Almanac" we expect to find the day on which Petrarch first saw Laura, the day of Beatrice's death, St. Valentine, and a few borrowed entries from the ornithologist's calendar. The French compilers did some trade for the Empire by manufacturing almanacs of this sort for the promotion of "Les Idées Napoléoniennes"—*L'Almanach des Souvenirs de l'Empire, l'Aigle Impériale*, and others. Last year we had a glimpse at the almanac of a somewhat obscure English sect of less than a century's age, in which the really memorable days of the year were marked off for observance by recording the births, deaths, or first appearances in the pulpit of notable preachers belonging to the sect, and the dates of revivals and camp-meetings supposed to be historical. No fault can be found with such calendars; in their own world they have their honest uses. But we have before us a penny calendar of such a character that it is hard to believe that any person except the compiler is attempting to use it from day to day with serious purpose. Here is its title—"Palmer's Perpetual Protestant Almanac; or Daily Record of the Black Deeds perpetrated on Protestants by the Church of Rome, arranged under the various Days such Enormities were Committed." The almanac has one advantage for the trade; it is "perpetual." The days of the week and the movable feasts and fasts are not given, so that it will fit any year between 1871 and the battle of Armageddon, and the shopkeeper can bring out his unsold stock again every almanac season. The purchaser also will not need to buy another in 1872.

The compiler professes to be a kind of moral and literary mud-lark. He says in his preface that his work has been to him a "most tedious and disgusting employment"; he found so many black deeds "fall upon the same day" that he had difficulty in selecting the fittest for commemoration—that is to say, the blackest. The calendar does not quite bear out the assertions of the preface, either as to the amount of his labour or as to its completeness. It is plain that he has confined himself to very few books; the majority of his dates come from Foxe. Nearly every alternate day in the year is to be kept sacred to some "atrocious" committed in England during the years from 1555 to 1558. In August alone the possessor of the calendar is sent for twenty days to this one short period to find the proper atrocity for the day. The second source of commemorations is the record of the Irish massacres of 1641. We gather from this fact alone some feeble hope that the "Church of Rome," to which all the cruel deeds of Popes, bishops, armies, or mobs are impartially credited, had a fit of homicidal insanity in the middle of the sixteenth century, and another in the middle of the seventeenth, but that she has been, comparatively speaking, mild and tolerant during the remainder of eighteen centuries. In the eighteenth century the compiler could only detect the following "black deeds perpetrated on Protestants by the Church of Rome":—

- February 1. M. Desubas, a Protestant Divine, hung at Montpellier, 1746.
- February 5. Dreadful earthquake in Italy, by which 40,000 persons were destroyed, 1783.
- February 15. Pope Pius VI. dethroned by the French, 1798.
- February 17. Stephen Arnauld branded with a hot iron, and put in the pillory, for teaching Protestants to sing, 1745.
- April 5. Ecclesiastical costume abolished in France, 1792.
- April 11. Seven Protestant divines burnt in effigy in France, 1746.
- May 28. Acts against Popery repealed in Sweden, 1778.
- June 2. The Protestant riots in St. George's Fields, headed by Lord George Gordon, 1780.
- August 15. Peter Segnier had his hand cut off and then burnt alive at Montvert Bridge, 1702.
- September 3. The Jesuits banished from Portugal, 1759.
- September 15. 600 persons killed at Bourbon les Bains, from the flooring of a church giving way during the celebration of mass, 1778.
- November 7. The last victim of the Spanish Inquisition burnt at Seville (a woman), 1781.
- November 8. Thirty-nine Protestants fined and imprisoned at Grenoble, 1745.
- December 24. The French National Assembly decree the like liberty to Protestants and Dissenters with Roman Catholics, 1790.

Thus in the last century the diligent compiler could only discover fourteen Popish black deeds, and some of these would be set down by less severe compilers as Popish sufferings. In the present century we are glad to find that he has only discovered five—the Bull of Pius VII. against the Polish Bible Society; the same Pope's Bull for the re-establishment of the Jesuits; the Coronation of the Bambino at Naples; the banishment of some Bible-readers from Florence; and the dismissal of Captain Atchinson from the English service for refusing to salute the Host at Malta. The calendar appears, therefore, to give the lie to the preface, which declares Popery to be still the same "serpent upon a rock, which turns on opposition to the cynical director of fagots, torture, death"; for in the first three months alone no less than sixty days are given to the commemoration of "atrocities committed by the mother of abominations" in the sixteenth century, and nearly all these within five or six years in the middle of that century; while sixteen days in the same three months are set apart for the celebration of horrors "perpetrated on Protestants" during the seventeenth century. "This compilation has been the work of very many years," so says the compiler. He must have been very hard pressed year after year for an entry for the 14th of January, when he had at last to fit it thus:—"Archbishop Laud consecrates St. Catherine Cree Church after the Popish manner, 1630." If a few Puritans had been pilloried as a part of the ceremony this might pass for a "bloody enormity," as the compiler no doubt regards Laud as a Papist. But it is very hard upon the Pagans to set them down as members of the Church of Rome, which they must have been if the Martyrdom of St. Agnes is the proper horror for Protestants to shudder at on the 21st of January, and if the beheading of St. Cyprian is the Popish atrocity of the 14th of September. It is true that the compiler adds that St. Agnes was a "Popish saint," so that he may wish us to conclude that her martyrdom was a judgment upon her for her Popery, and would have us celebrate the day in the same mood as we should the 30th of the same month, on which "Sir Everard Digby and the other conspirators in the Popish Plot were hung, 1606," or that day of February on which 40,000 Italians, and therefore Papists, were destroyed by an earthquake. We must, however, hold the belief that Puritanism was invented and maintained by the Jesuits before we can bring ourselves to celebrate the 23rd of January as a Popish black day on account of the "Order of Parliament to destroy all images, altars, and other relics of Popery, 1641." A number of the days are fitted in with the births and peaceable deaths of great Protestants. From these entries in a professed calendar of "black deeds" we are almost forced to infer that the persons born must have been the illegitimate children of priests and nuns, and that they who died were secretly poisoned. Thus once every fourth year, on the 29th of February, wakeful Protestants must recollect that a person called "Archbishop Whitgift died, 1604," but we are not told whether this person was a Romanist who deserved to die (which the Martin Marprelatists declared of Archbishop Whitgift), or a good Protestant martyred by Romanists. The compiler has views of his own about spelling; perhaps he thinks the martyrologist Foxe as infallible in his orthography as in his doctrine and history. John Laudor, he says, was burnt at "Steining," in Sussex, in 1555, and Bishop Bonner instructed "the Dean and Chapter of Pauls to conduct their worship after the reformed manner, 1549." The famous Archbishop Hermann von Weid of Cologne is "Herman" on the 16th of April, but "Hermon" on the 13th of August. The great western city is Bristol on the 8th of September, but "Bristow" on the 25th. Some very new light is thrown upon history by some of the entries. The most remarkable beam is that which gilds the 3rd of November, on which day "King Henry VIII. was nominated by the Pope Supreme Head of the Church for his work against Luther, 1534." This discovery, however, though it will revolutionize all Anglican controversy, is even less startling than the marvellous feat of Charles IX. of France, who "on the 12th of June 1417"—a century before he was born—"massacred 70,000 French Protestants in Paris." By marking the 6th of February for commemoration, the compiler is able to show us the inequality of Papists even in their cruelty; for on this day "Martin Bucer and Paulus Phogius' bones and books were burnt at Cambridge, 1557." Of Phogius no one ever heard before. He may be Fagius of Strasburg; he may be the original "Old Foggy." But this Bucer who shared the fiery fate of "Phogius' bones and books" cannot be the reformer Bucer, for he died a quiet death in 1551. We find that the Popes had two methods of sending out their bulls in the sixteenth century. On the 25th of February, 1569, "Pius V. issued a bull" against Queen Elizabeth; on the 5th of March in the same year the same Pope "fulminated a bull" against the same Queen. The later Popes mentioned in the calendar seem to have given up fulminating, and returned to the quieter manner of issuing their bulls. In this "Daily Register of what Roman Catholics did on this day and that day throughout the year," Diocletian, Edward VI., Luther, Knox, the Long Parliament, "Servatus" the Socinian, and many other hitherto unsuspected men appear as Papists in disguise. Some of the festivals of this calendar require a rubric to direct us how to observe them. We have tried in vain to discover a fitting manner of doing honour to the following awful event:—"December 7. Sanctuary men walk in procession with the monks, 1556."

REVIEWS.

VACHEROT ON THE FREEDOM OF THE WILL.*

CELEBRATED in the world of letters as an historian of the Alexandrian school, M. F. Vacherot, when he propounds his own views, appears as a partisan of that section of French thinkers who, equally differing from the materialist, the metaphysician, and the Christian, preach the doctrine of "la morale indépendante." Their position is not altogether dissimilar from that of those who take their stand upon Kant's *Critique of Practical Reason*, but, though they accept the moral tendency, they dissent from the method of the Königsberg philosopher. Kant apparently laid down the "moral law" as a verity *à priori*, and found that it involved the theory of individual liberty. M. Vacherot, on the other hand, believes that the cart is thus put before the horse, and asserts that the consciousness of liberty precedes and grounds all conception of the moral law. Man is free, and he knows it, and to acquire that knowledge he has not needed the aid of inductive or deductive reasoning.

In the face of all the modern sciences, and of religion to boot, M. Vacherot finds that the truth which he would establish by an act of self-affirmation is encountered by a host of obstacles, different indeed from each other, but all so far alike that they are hostile to "la morale indépendante." He wanders sorrowfully from the French materialists to the English psychologists, then to the philosophical historians, then to the metaphysicians, then to the theologians, but they all have a repulsive aspect. He generously allows that they are all right to a certain extent, and to that extent he fully recognises their several merits; but, the prescribed limit passed, all sympathy ceases, and he is obliged to take refuge within the precincts of his own consciousness. If the representatives of schools other than his own had been content not to go quite so far as they have, and to leave a little nook, where the will might rest in the contemplation of its own freedom, all might have been well enough; but, unfortunately, each, regardless of the consequences to outsiders, goes his own way.

La Science et la Conscience, like many other works belonging to the same class, is a collection of papers previously printed in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, but they are very well brought together as parts of one by no means stupendous whole. Physiology, experimental psychology, history, and metaphysics are successively weighed in the balance and found wanting; but the weighing is done carefully, and in no unkindly spirit.

With the physiologists, who are more or less materialists, M. Vacherot has indeed an easy task, as is the case with every spiritualist who plants his feet firmly on his own hearth. Cabanis, the great materialist of the last century, might affirm, if he liked, that thought was no more than a secretion of the brain, but this particular secretion is so different from all others that he might be easily met with the assertion that he was arbitrarily calling two extremely diverse things by a common name. The corporeal organs of perception and volition may be subdivided to the greatest possible extent, but however accurately the mechanical operations proper to each mental function may be defined, a striking dissimilarity still remains between the organ itself and the thought or the expression of the will. Granted that the perceptive and reasoning faculties and the will become equally powerless on the destruction of a certain organ, it does not follow that condition is identical with cause. If we are outside of a house the shutters of which are closed, it does not follow that the windows are the creative cause of the furniture which we behold when the shutters are open.

The experimental psychologists, to whom M. Vacherot devotes his second paper, are not very dissimilar to the physiologists, inasmuch as they both study man from the outside, instead of at once plunging within, and resting on the fact of consciousness. Some physiologists, represented by M. de Quatrefages, go statistically to work, collect the testimonies of travellers and historians, and make their inductions accordingly. M. de Quatrefages, after a world of labour, arrives at the important result that man only so far differs from brutes that he is a moral and religious animal. All this is very right as far as it goes, but why, asks M. Vacherot, does not M. de Quatrefages perceive that man is a political and æsthetical animal likewise? Indeed, why does he bother himself with statistics to find out a distinction which would have been immediately revealed by his own consciousness had he condescended to make an application in that quarter, and which would have included all the others?

The other school of experimental psychologists, of which Mr. J. S. Mill is one of the representatives, does not indeed consult the records of travellers in far countries, but nevertheless it contemplates man from without, since it simply surveys the succession of facts in the individual mind, and thus arrives at the negation of all *à priori* reasoning in the region of the intellect, and of all free spontaneity in the region of the will. Logical necessity, after the precedent of David Hume, the veritable founder of the school, is reduced to a mere association of ideas, originating in experience and confirmed by habit. There is no place left where consciousness may assert its infallibility while proclaiming the freedom of the will, the advocates of which can only call into

question the legitimacy of an universal application of the empirical method.

The paper on history is perhaps the most interesting of the collection, and shows most plainly the difficulty which the champion of "independent morality" has to encounter in a world influenced by the spirit of minute investigation. M. Vacherot sharply distinguishes the ancient from the modern historians by the assertion that the former sought rather to compose works of literary merit, replete with ethical instruction, than to diffuse an accurate knowledge of facts. History as written by Herodotus or Livy has a beauty of his own, while it exhibits man exerting his own might like the hero of an epic poem strictly so called. The antique idea of Fate, which is apparently opposed to a belief in individual freedom, is not overlooked by M. Vacherot, but is disposed of thus:—

La seule puissance, qui domine les héros de l'histoire, comme ceux du drame antique, c'est le destin, ce mystérieux acteur qui conçoit, compose, exécute son drame à lui, sans se soucier aucunement du drame bruyant et superficiel que joue l'humanité; mais cette puissance n'a plus de rapport avec l'activité humaine que n'en a ce que nous appelons le hasard, et si les personnages de l'histoire s'en effraient, ils ne comptent avec elle, ni pour s'y appuyer ni pour lui résister. Ils lui abandonnent leur destinée avec autant de résignation que de terreur, gardant devant elle toute l'indépendance, toute l'énergie, toute l'initiative de leur action individuelle.

In bringing down the antique *moipa* to the level of Chance, M. Vacherot goes to somewhat too great a length; since we should scarcely use an adequate expression if we said that the families of Tantalus and Cadmus were simply unlucky. Nevertheless his principle is correct. (Edipus, fated to commit certain crimes, is still a more responsible agent than the series of great men who, viewed by the light of a large school of modern historians, are the mere expression of the times and circumstances amid which they were born. The peculiar climate of Bœotia and the political institutions of Thebes had nothing to do with his misfortunes; and we may easily conceive that, during the intervals that separated certain predestined days of calamity, Fate was in abeyance, and left him a consistent professor of "la morale indépendante." In the same manner we must not take too seriously those gifts of invulnerability which we find recorded in the legends of Greece, Scandinavia, and Bretagne. If Achilles is simply a pachydermatous animal, a rhinoceros raised to the highest power, his character for valour is destroyed; but nevertheless his valour is never doubtful, and the immersion into the Styx is remembered or forgotten at pleasure.

The type of the antiquarian historian *par excellence* is Herodotus, to whom Livy is nearly akin; but the ancient view is carried out to a more extreme point by Xenophon and Plutarch. Thucydides indeed seems to contrast strongly with the poetical and moralizing historians of the older time, but M. Vacherot contrives to bring them all under the same category. It is true that Thucydides regards the will of peoples rather than that of individuals, but still humanity, whether individual or collective, is ever uppermost in his mind, and he no more seeks than Herodotus to ascend to causes other than political. The résumé with which he opens his history, and which is conceived in a somewhat modern spirit, stands as an exception to the rest of his book. Montesquieu, Vico, Herder, and others conceived the thought of raising history to a science; but the realization of that thought, by forcing geography, ethnography, comparative philology, and archaeology to serve the purposes of historical investigation, belongs to the present century. Man still remains the hero of the world's drama, but he is no longer the sole actor as of old, and never becomes thoroughly detached from surrounding influences. Whether he treats of political events, or of the works of art or literature, the historian of the modern type constantly exhibits his personages in connexion with all that has immediately preceded them, so that the politician appears as the minister of a social necessity, the poet or the artist as the organ of general ideas and feelings.

This distinction between the ancient and modern modes of writing history, which M. Vacherot illustrates by many examples, few will be inclined to dispute; and one cannot help admiring the impartiality with which he marshals the difficulties which beset him, so as to make the strongest possible case for doctrines opposed to his own. As he has admired the progress made in physiology, without joining the materialists, so does he admit, without becoming a fatalist, that a sort of fate is proved by historical investigation to play an important part in the affairs of man. The results of observation and analysis in the field of history do not, he thinks, in the least encroach upon the moral truths established by the testimony of the conscience. "La science insiste sur la part de fatalité des choses humaines, elle montre partout la loi sous le fait, la nécessité sous la contingence, la nature sous la volonté"—so far he concedes, but he adds that science still leaves to the actors of the historical drama the liberty of their acts, the morality of their characters, the responsibility of their virtues or vices, their wisdom or their imprudence. It is certainly her tendency to lessen personal pride, and to diminish the confidence of man in the results of his own efforts and calculations, by showing him that his wisest plans and most vigorous commencements will be of no avail unless favoured by circumstances, will establish nothing durable without the concurrence of those mighty forces the action of which is not the less sovereign because it is invisible. The teachings of historical science lead us to reflect upon the danger of too personal undertakings (*entreprises trop personnelles*) and the fragility of premature revolution, and dis-

* *La Science et la Conscience*. Par E. Vacherot (de l'Institut). Paris: Baillière, 1870.

courage rash beginnings and hastily conceived Utopias by warning us to take into account the nature of things; that is to say, the necessities, the feelings, the instincts, and the prejudices of social bodies and of the classes which compose them. The schools of political idealists will be instructed, revolutionary temperaments will be calmed, by the spectacle presented by modern science.

The above passage, which is freely translated from the words of M. Vacherot, looks more like oratory than philosophy; and when he laments that historical science refuses to be enticed with the comfortable results at which he has arrived, we feel that historical science is not altogether in the wrong. That man cannot attain the degree of freedom assigned by Plutarch to his many worthies, M. Vacherot readily admits; he also admits that certain forces, mighty and invisible, reign paramount over human affairs. Where, then, does the power of the individual will leave off, and where does that of circumstances begin? The moral inculcated by modern historians seems, according to his view, to be this—that we are bound to be a little more careful, to look somewhat longer before we leap, than the ancient Greeks who derived their instruction from Herodotus.

The "determinism" at which history now arrives, and to which M. Vacherot, with more eloquence than logic, so strongly objects, is pronounced by him to be more congenial to the intellectual atmosphere of Germany than to that of France; and he refers to Hegel's *Philosophie der Geschichte* as its most complete expression, rightly asserting that the doctrines thus enforced have survived the discredit into which Hegelism has otherwise fallen. In his opinion the German, with all his metaphysical and sentimental poetry, is essentially a realist, while the true idealist is the Frenchman. The pretended idealism of Fatherland is no more than a taste for abstract speculation, and a passion for systems. Where moral phenomena are concerned, the German mind complacently surveys things as they are, dotes upon tradition, and readily yields to accomplished facts; while with the Frenchman, if not tainted, like M. Victor Cousin and others, with Teutonic notions, the sentiment of right is innate, and the historians of France, however scientifically they pursue the study of history, do not readily fall into the worship of success, which reaches its culminating point in "Cæsarism"—an expression, by the way, which is now much less significant than it was six months ago.

To optimism M. Vacherot is even more opposed than to fatalism, and he acutely argues that the former is not a necessary consequence of the latter. If we are, rightly or wrongly, convinced that whatever is must have been, we are not therefore compelled to acknowledge that whatever is is right. Greece, republican and civilized, falls under the dominion of Macedonia, monarchical and semi-barbarous. An historian of the ancient school deplores the fact; a modern explains that the peculiar position of Greece in the time of Philip rendered such a consummation unavoidable. Let the modern teacher have his way. We will grant that the change is inevitable, but we need not therefore alter our conviction that it was a change for the worse. Louis XI. could not, perhaps, help what he did; but, however that might be, we need not regard him with personal affection. Here M. Vacherot might have profitably adverted to the teachings of Arthur Schopenhauer, whose name he incidentally mentions in a paper on metaphysics, but with whose works he does not seem to be familiar. The Deity of Hegel is indeed a self-evolving machine, but this machine works for the production of the beautiful and the good; and Hegel is thus, after his own fashion, an optimist and likewise a teleologist, though not of the school of Paley. Schopenhauer, on the other hand, though more avowedly a determinist than the Berlin professor, treats teleology with a contempt which he derives from his master, Kant; and recognising none but efficient causes, he arrives at a conclusion which, if not pessimism, is at any rate very like it.

Resting as he does on the immediate assertion of individual freedom by consciousness or conscience (the French word "conscience" may be rendered either way), M. Vacherot cannot find allies among the metaphysicians strictly so called. The aim of metaphysics, like that of natural science, is to reduce all varieties to unity, and whether the thought and will are derived from a mechanical movement, or the visible world is regarded as the expression of an abstract thought, a supreme One, there is still the same reign of fatality under which the value of the individual is lost. With religion he is equally dissatisfied. This, consistently carried out, leads to mysticism, the absorption of the individual into the Deity; and even those theologians who are no mystics admit the operation of the divine grace, and leave it doubtful how far any good act is the work of man, and how far it is the work of God. To our consciousness alone must we appeal to be convinced of the grand truth that the will of the individual man is free.

With all respect for the learning and acuteness of M. Vacherot, we question much whether this work will gain a single convert from the ranks of those who are already antagonistic to his theory. The most crass of materialists will readily concede that every unsophisticated man believes in the freedom of his own will; but he denies that the belief corresponds to an objective truth, and the force of this denial is not to be annihilated by an appeal to the conscience. We will even go so far as to say that M. Vacherot, contrary to his own intention, is likely to increase the number of determinists, so much greater is his ability in showing the difficulties by which the doctrine of individual freedom is beset than his skill in finding their solution. Were it not for the name on the title page, we should never have suspected that the author of

La Science et la Conscience was the profound thinker who nearly a quarter of a century ago analysed the doctrines of the Alexandrian school.

DEANE'S LIFE OF GENERAL DEANE.*

WE will begin by saying that we fully admit that Mr. Deane, Rector of St. Martin Outwich, London, who we think once wrote a book on the Worship of the Serpent, has certainly made out his case that the name of Richard Deane, General-at-Sea, ought to be better known than it is. Whether the same thesis might not have been successfully maintained in a smaller compass, in a more interesting shape, and with a less amount of irrelevant matter, is another question. It is another question also whether the biographer, in his praiseworthy zeal to raise his hero from the undeserved oblivion into which he has certainly fallen, has not somewhat overrated his share in the events of the great period in which he lived. This last weakness indeed is almost inseparable from the position of the biographer, especially when he has not only to narrate, but to rehabilitate. So we do not complain if, in this volume, Richard Deane appears as a greater man than he probably would appear in any general history of the days of the Civil War and the Commonwealth. But we do complain of the vast mass of utterly irrelevant matter with which the book is crammed. In order to show that General Richard Deane deserved a larger share of fame than he has contrived to keep, it was not necessary for Mr. John Bathurst Deane to write over again the whole history of the Civil War and of the whole reign of Charles the First. This has been often done before, and it has been much better done than Mr. Deane has done or is likely to do it. And though we allow a margin for *l'es Boscagliana*, we hardly think that Mr. Deane is serving his own cause by dragging in his hero conjecturally when there is no distinct record of him, and showing him triumphantly in all the glory of italics and small capitals. We must however do him the justice to say that his italics and small capitals are not reserved as a monopoly for his hero. As is no more than his due, he comes in for the greatest share of them; but it is plain that Mr. Deane has a Croker-like love of startling typography for its own sake. There is hardly a page which is not dotted about with these exploded means of producing artificial emphasis. It is the surest sign that a writer cannot trust to the legitimate effect of his own style when he is driven to resort to this kind of melodrama in printer's ink.

Richard Deane, we say again, is certainly a name which deserves to be better known than it is. It is not to be found in the Index to Lingard's History, though his command and death in the Dutch war are recorded in their proper place in the text. He is mentioned however in that dry casual way which makes no lasting impression on the memory of the reader. Had Deane lived a little later, so to have come within the range of Lord Macaulay, his chances of being remembered would have been far greater. His name is found in the Index to Clarendon, but the mention of him in the History is short and slighting. In fact the oblivion into which Deane has fallen is, begging his biographer's pardon, not very wonderful. During the civil war itself, Deane played a very secondary part. He was a good officer and, as far as we can see, an honest man, who gradually rose by merit to a high position, who enjoyed the confidence of those above him, but who took no prominent part in political matters, and who did not hold even any warlike command of the first rank till quite the close of his life, when the civil war was over. He could not expect to be remembered like Cromwell or Hampden or Fairfax, but it certainly is strange that he is so much less known than Blake, his colleague in his naval command. One might have thought too that the circumstances of his death, a naval commander killed in a victorious sea-fight, would have made it the sort of death to be remembered. Still Deane is, after all, a hero of the second or third rank; yet he is a national worthy, and he ought to have his fair place in national memory. Heavy and exaggerated as the work of his biographer certainly is, we can still thank him for having brought his hero more clearly before our eyes than he appears in the common histories.

We confess to a strong feeling of curiosity to know whether the biographer is a descendant or kinsman of his hero. We think that Mr. Deane never says so in so many words, but likeness of name suggests the thought, and his peculiar treatment of his subject suggests it also. It is plain that, with regard to modern politics, Mr. Deane is an intolerant Tory. He is ever going out of his way to sneer at Liberals and Radicals in a way which we have no doubt he thinks exceedingly grand and clever. One would have thought that such a man would have looked at the events of the seventeenth century from a purely Cavalier point of view. But, though Mr. Deane now and then shows tendencies that way, he cannot be said to write on the whole in the Cavalier interest. Yet neither can he be said to write in the Parliamentary interest. He writes in the personal interest of Richard Deane. We suspect that, if Richard Deane had never been born, or if he had fought on the side of the King, Mr. John Bathurst Deane would have reviled the Liberals and Radicals of the seventeenth century as unreservedly as he reviles those of the nineteenth. But he is estopped by the fact that Richard Deane was a Parliamentary officer, and not only a Parliamentary officer, but an actual

* *The Life of Richard Deane, Major-General and General-at-Sea in the Service of the Commonwealth, and one of the Commissioners of the High Court of Justice appointed for the Trial of King Charles the First.* By John Bathurst Deane, M.A. F.S.A. London: Longmans & Co. 1870.

regicide. Rebellion would, we suspect, be hateful in Mr. Deane's eyes; only Richard Deane was a rebel. Even regicide somehow loses its blackness when the name of Richard Deane is set to the death-warrant of a King. The following passage certainly has an odd sound in a panegyric on a partaker in that foul act on which we feel sure that, if Richard Deane had not had a share in it, Mr. John Bathurst Deane could not reflect without horror and astonishment:—

But the true cause of this animosity against Strafford was his desertion of the popular party. He had been one of the first and most able advocates of liberty against prerogative; and now he had become an uncompromising asserter of the highest powers of the Crown. The mantle of Buckingham had fallen upon and fitted his shoulders, and the policy of Buckingham was carried out, with even more than Buckingham's determination. This was but the natural result of cause and effect; for the same restless spirit which produces an excessive love of "Liberty" in the "Patriot," becomes the spirit of Tyranny in the "Patriot" in power. The *Radical* is naturally a *Despot*; the "beggar on horseback" always "rides to the Devil."

Here, again—in both extracts we scrupulously keep the author's capitals, italics, and inverted commas—is Mr. Deane's judgment—not conceived, it strikes us, in the very austere school of morals—on Charles the First and on some other people:—

Much has been said of the insincerity and double dealings of Charles the First. But we should bear in mind that he had lost the power of the sword, and had nothing left to rely upon but his own wisdom and wit in order to recover his kingly authority. Thrown from his high estate by violence, he would have been more or less than man if he had not made use of the only powers left to him to regain it. Had he succeeded by cunning—the world would have called it wisdom. No one would have found fault with his means of success, except the party which had been defeated by them. It is very well to say that "cunning is not wisdom," that artifice is not honesty; this is sound doctrine to be laid down by the preacher or the moralist, but it is not one upon which the world acts, and prospers, in worldly things. No man ever rose to supreme power in a nation, or ever long retained that power, without a large amount of dissimulation. Ancient and modern history tells the same tale; and it is not a little paradoxical that the so-called "LIBERALS" of our own times, who are so righteously indignant at the dissimulations of Charles, have no indignation to spare upon the dissimulations, intrigues, and falsehoods of Cromwell or the Buonapartes. They seem to regard every stratagem as lawful when employed against legitimate sovereigns, and only inexcusable when resorted to against usurpers.

We suspect that Mr. Deane is not very well versed in the writings and speeches of "the so-called 'LIBERALS' of our own times." We may therefore tell him that there are among them some—perhaps as many as seven thousand—who never bowed the knee to Baal, but who steadily used the same words in speaking of usurpation and unrighteous warfare in 1851, in 1854, and in 1870.

One extract more sounds specially odd in the glorifier of a commander who received his orders immediately from the House of Commons. Mr. Deane is discussing the punishment of running the gauntlet or *gantlet*:—

This punishment continued to be used in the English army down to the latter half of the last century, when it was abolished as cruel, and liable to be abused; and the "cat-and-nine-tails" substituted—a questionable improvement. The best excuse, perhaps, for abolishing the "gantlet" is that which influenced the abolishment of the pillory—the danger, namely, of exciting popular passions beyond the control of reason. The "cat" had this argument in her favour, that her vivacity was limited by law, and regulated by science; but even the "cat" has now lost, or is about to lose, her ninth life. Quære: How long will military discipline survive the mischievous meddling of the Body, whose complement so nearly approaches "the number of The Least?"

The Long Parliament, however, the Parliament of England, was, especially when it had taken the form of the Rump, quite clear from the grotesque danger which Mr. Deane has conjured up. We wonder whether, if we chanced to owe Mr. Deane six hundred and sixty-six pounds, he would let us off any large portion of the debt for fear of nearly approaching the terrible number.

We have left ourselves perhaps less space than we ought to speak of Richard Deane himself. But in so doing we are only following the example of his biographer. Through a large part of Mr. John Bathurst Deane's book, the name of Richard Deane appears only at very rare intervals, though to be sure, when it does appear, it is ushered in with the proper flourish of typographical trumpets. Let us follow our occasional lights, and see what we can make out about our hero. Mr. Deane is very angry with certain people who said that Richard Deane "began his career as the servant of 'one Button,' a hoyman of Ipswich," and that he afterwards became a boatswain in the Royal Navy. Yet he is obliged to allow that he cannot give a "positive" contradiction to the report, and moreover to allow that the story is not improbable, and, as he most truly says, not discreditable. The funny thing is Mr. Deane's wrath at those who speak disrespectfully of "one Button." Button is "a name, from its vestial associations, sufficiently ridiculous and vulgar to have belonged to a 'skipper.'" Yet the "merriment was ill applied," for, as Mr. Deane truly says, the mediæval Buttons—among whom he contrives to leave out the two most famous, the two Bishops of Bath and Wells—were an ancient and honourable family, who took their name from Button or Bitton in Gloucestershire, and who, in Mr. Deane's peculiar dialect, had "nothing whatever to do with the fastenings of our garments, which, in the days of the Plantagenets, when the name first appears, were tied with 'points' or strings, and were altogether innocent of any such contrivance as buttons." We do not see what light this throws on the history of the Commonwealth's General-at-Sea. As not more irrelevant, we beg to add the story of a clergyman of strict Sabbatarian views, who would never tie the strings or "points" of his shoes on the Sunday, though we

believe that he had no scruple about buttoning his waistcoat and trousers.

Mr. Deane helps us to a vast deal more genealogical research about Deanes and Buttons, for which we must confess that we do not care a button. But the following is funny:—

A branch of this Button family was settled at Tockham Court, the head of which advanced to a baronetcy in 1621. Sir Robert Button, the third baronet, died 1679. His sister was wife of *Clement Walker*, the author of the *History of Independency*. This tends to connect the Buttons with the Dissenting Interest, and helps to bring them closer to Richard Deane, an Independent. *Valeat quantum valet.*

Does Mr. Deane think that Clement Walker was a writer favourable to the Independents?

Richard Deane himself makes his first genuine appearance at p. 143 of the volume, when Essex is in Cornwall, in August 1644, and mentions in a letter "Mr. Deane, who is an honest, judicious, and stout man," who warns the General of his danger. Mr. John Bathurst Deane, without quoting any authority for so scandalous a statement, conjectures that his hero "swore like a trooper." It is more certain, for his name is affixed to the document, that he signed the "Attestation of the Officers of the Army concerning the Disaster in Cornwall." In the "New Model," he became a Captain and Comptroller of the Ordnance. This is history; we can give no judgment on the following piece of speculation. Certain Parliamentary officers kissed the King's hand:—

If *Richard Deane*, as is probable, was one of these officers, the fact is too remarkable to be passed by without the comment that he was the only one of those who sat on the King's trial, and signed his death-warrant, who had twice kissed the King's hand—once on this occasion, and again at Childersley House, after his rescue from the Parliamentary Commissioners, to whom he had been sold by the Scotch.

This, which in the eyes of Royalists might have been regarded as double-dyed treason, argued, in those of the opposite party, the depth of a conviction which left him no choice between a sentimental loyalty and an absolute patriotism. "The King above all—unless the King be the enemy of his subjects!" must have been his political creed. How far such a creed is in accordance with a man's higher and highest duty—to the King of Kings—must be determined by other considerations than those of worldly policy.

Deane now held an important, though subordinate post, and we find him steadily discharging his duty and steadily rising in public esteem, through all the later stages of the war from Naseby onward, especially in the Somersetshire and Devonshire campaigns. His name now appears ever and anon up to the time of the King's trial, when, as we before said, he was one of the Judges and signed the death-warrant, "to which," Mr. Deane assures us, "his signature R. DEANE is affixed in a firm and bold hand; and on which his seal of arms is distinctly impressed, without the least sign of that hurry or nervousness which several of the others betray." Thus far again is history, but from history Mr. Deane plunges into speculation:—

There can be no doubt that Richard Deane, whatever might have been his private motives for taking up arms, was an active agent in promoting the Trial of the King—"a forward busybody" in the matter, as Dr. Bates calls him. If "*noscitur a sociis*" be a rule of character and conduct, then *Richard Deane*, the Comptroller of the Ordnance, of which *HUGH PETERS* was the constant Chaplain: *Richard Deane*, the only officer taken by *CROMWELL* to the Secret Meeting at the Rolls for the express purpose of "settling the Kingdom" after the deposition of the King: *Richard Deane*, the Colonel who, in conjunction with *INEROS*, declared his opinion that "The King ought to be brought to trial"—must have been as deep in the regicidal conspiracy as any member of the "High Court of Justice." The active tongue of *Hugh Peters*, the ready pen of *Henry Ireton*, and the resolute will of *Richard Deane* were among the surest instruments by which the politic head of *CROMWELL* worked, although his own tongue and hand and heart were second to none in the Cause for which he watched and prayed and fought.

The political principles of Richard Deane are to be sought for in his actions, rather than his words; for his words were few and irrelevant: none of his extant letters contain the slightest allusion to the King's death. They are all strictly limited to business.

Richard Deane had far too little imagination and far too much common sense to be a Republican pure—"and simple." He knew that the very worst kind of government by which a nation can be afflicted is that of a "House of Commons"—a polyarchy of individual nonentities—for under such ignoble despotism the nation gradually loses all stability at home and all respect abroad; it becomes the victim of a "do nothing" or "do worse" dominion of talkers and newspapers. Faction subverting faction, party supplanting party, change laws for the mere sake of changing or purposes of party, without the slightest consideration for the true interests of the country. Richard Deane had better thoughts and higher aspirations. He had the sagacity to recognise the eternal law that a people, to be really great and glorious, at home and abroad, must be governed by a single head, and he only failed in perpetuating the reign of such a man because the corruption of human nature forbids, as a general rule, a great father to be succeeded by an equally great son, or an Oliver Cromwell to repeat himself.

On this head Mr. Deane gets so eloquent that we have had to cut him short, but in what we have omitted we must preserve, if we can, certain words which seem to express his general view of ancient history:—

These amiable ideologists—whose modern imitators are idiots—carry through life the sentiments of a generous and ingenuous boyhood, fascinated by the basiliak of a mythical heroism, and incapable of conceiving, because unwilling to admit, that law of necessity which provides a Philip to overthrow the abused liberties of Greece, or a Caesar to regulate the licentiousness of republican Rome.

The later career of Richard Deane in Ireland, Scotland, and above all in his great command in the Dutch war, ought to be matters of history. Deane now appears in a position as nearly first-rate as can be when one greater mind overrules everything. He was the colleague of Blake and Monk, and should be remembered as much as they are remembered. He was a brave and skilful officer, who deservedly rose step by step to the highest

rank of his profession, who acquitted himself with honour in every stage of his profession, high and low, but who, beyond the immediate duties of his own profession, did not do very much. He may fairly rank among England's worthies, but we decline to see in him

one of those extraordinary men produced by revolutionary times, who by the innate force of an energetic character surmount the difficulties of birth and station, and, rising to authority, seem as if they had been born and educated for it; no one wondering either at their elevation, or at the ease with which they discharge the duties of the highest offices.

These words apply to Oliver Cromwell; they do not apply to Richard Deane.

HUTTON'S ESSAYS.*

MR. HUTTON has collected in two volumes a series of essays of considerable interest. Of the first volume, which deals exclusively with theological matters, we shall say nothing further, as any criticism of his views would lead us into discussions not very well suited to these columns. The second volume gives indeed ample material for notice. In it Mr. Hutton deals with Goethe, Wordsworth, Shelley, Mr. Browning, the poetry of the Old Testament, George Eliot, Clough, and Hawthorne. The ground which he covers is wide enough, and in all the essays he shows in various degrees a genuine insight into the characteristics of the authors under consideration, and warm sympathy with their higher qualities. Indeed, if we may venture the remark, we should say that he is a little too sympathetic, or, rather, a little too anxious to show his quick appreciation of merit. Of Goethe alone he speaks with rather scant enthusiasm; there is evidently a repulsion between the natures of the author and his commentator, though Mr. Hutton does his best to admire, even where it is obviously against the grain. In all other cases we should be rather inclined to tone down his fervid praises or to throw in some shades of qualifying criticism. Greatly as we admire George Eliot, for example, we cannot quite follow Mr. Hutton in his very exalted view of her literary merits. We must add, however, that it is not so much that he overlooks faults as that he scarcely gives them their due weight in forming his judgment. The error, if it be an error, is on the right side, and we should forgive much to one who is so ready to forgive the weaknesses of others.

There is a more serious defect in Mr. Hutton's mode of criticism, which pervades both his style and his substance. It may be indicated by one characteristic though trivial fault, which we should strongly commend to his attention. He has a feminine love for the use of italics; and when a man is reduced to seek emphasis in type, it generally means that there is a want of clearness or energy in his thoughts. We may quote by way of specimen the following sentence:—"One may say that Wordsworth's poetry is fed on sympathy *less*, and on influences from natures *differing in kind* from his own *more*, than any other poetry in the world"; and in the next page we are told that Wordsworth arrested "the *spiritual expressions*" of nature; that he is the poet of "all separate living emanations from nature"; and that he does not grasp at many centres of influence at once, "so as to discern their mutual *relations*." Why are these italics needed? Simply because Mr. Hutton is striving to elevate a rather commonplace thought into an original observation; or, more commonly, because he has caught an indistinct glimpse of some sound theory on the question, but has not patience enough to think it out completely. He is always on the strain to gain a little more picturesque force than is due to the natural vigour of his perceptions; sometimes he falls back upon this very simple device of italics, and at other times he indulges in forced metaphors which have a singularly disagreeable air of affectation. He talks about "gritty little poems"; about Goethe's "wax-like imagination"; about "the stringy fibre of real politics—the *gristle* of government"; and about Mr. Browning's talent for describing "character in *position*." The device may have been partly caught from Mr. Carlyle, who so often employs a somewhat similar artifice. But Mr. Carlyle's picturesque humour is far too powerful to need the adventitious aid of italics, whilst Mr. Hutton in his effort to produce the desired effect never seems quite certain in his aim, and succeeds in impressing us with a kind of forcible feebleness. There is, for example, a graceful passage about "Shelley's mysticism," in which he comments upon Shelley's own saying, that "when my brain gets heated with thought, it soon boils and throws off images and words faster than I can skim them off." Mr. Hutton takes up this metaphor, and tries to squeeze more out of it than it will naturally produce. He tells us that Shelley's mind was heated at a much lower comparative temperature than almost any other English poet's; that, however, he was too great a poet to be fairly called "a little pot soon hot"; that his genius was like water taken to a mountain-top, which boils with less heat than other men's; and he pursues this boiling metaphor through two or three following sentences. Now the comparison is striking at first, and may mean something at last; but it seems to us quite plain that Mr. Hutton has not quite made the matter clear to himself, and that he would have great difficulty in telling us in plain English what he means by the mountain-top in the last sentence quoted. A metaphor is an admirable figure of speech when it is thoroughly under command; when, that is,

the author has mastered the thought which he is trying to make plain to us; but when, as is too often the case with Mr. Hutton, the metaphor runs away with its employer, and is used to suggest indistinct analogies of doubtful relevancy, it indicates confusion rather than fulness of mind.

We have dwelt upon this point because it appears to us to indicate pretty clearly the strength and the weakness of Mr. Hutton's critical faculty. He never criticizes poetry—the most difficult of all critical tasks—in a prosaic spirit. He is in no danger of falling into the blunders of the old school of *Edinburgh* Reviewers, and dealing with a work of art on principles applicable to blue-books or treatises of Political Economy. He is thoroughly sensitive to the true charm of Shelley or Wordsworth or Mr. Browning; even when we differ from his conclusions we cannot accuse him of erring from the common weakness which is in things poetical what colour-blindness is in things pictorial. Lovers of any of the great poets we have named may derive great pleasure from Mr. Hutton's discourses, and will be in no danger of receiving a shock to their reverential admiration. They will find many acute remarks, and new light thrown upon difficult questions. This is a high merit; it is pleasant to be in company with an appreciative disciple instead of a dull outsider incompetent to catch the finer essences of the work upon which he tramples. It is at a further stage that we are not quite satisfied with Mr. Hutton's performance. He is, if anything, a little too anxious to show the delicacy of his taste; he falls into excessive refinements, and throws out rather unsubstantial theories with rash fertility. In his contempt for dull matter-of-fact criticism, his teaching is apt to become shadowy; there is not enough body in his remarks, if there is a superfluity of soul; and we are apt to be annoyed at the constant straining, whether expressed in italics or in wire-drawn metaphors, to display an even quicker sensibility than really belongs to him. The merit of the matter-of-fact school is that they generally talk common sense about the small part of the subject which is really within their grasp. Mr. Hutton is too apt to take leave of common sense and to indulge in fancies which will seldom bear the test of cool examination. If other men see less than they ought, Mr. Hutton is inclined to see more than really exists, and, in his anxiety to avoid the prosaic, to miss very obvious and very important considerations.

We might exemplify these remarks in detail by following out each of his criticisms. We should find each of them full of valuable and exceedingly ingenious remarks, but we should seldom be satisfied that they are thoroughly trustworthy when they diverge very far from the beaten track. The criticism upon Wordsworth, for example, shows unmistakably that Mr. Hutton has a genuine appreciation of Wordsworth's most characteristic power; but we also have an uncomfortable suspicion that he has taken a good many words to express some very simple truths. Wordsworth's egotism, his narrow but lofty vein of thought, the self-command which prevents him from yielding too freely to purely sentimental reflection whilst drawing deep meanings from the commonest sights, the isolation and independence of his nature—all these peculiarities are illustrated with much felicity and described with much force, but there is a little too much theorizing and refining to which we can give only a very partial assent. So far, for example, as we can understand the sentence already quoted, that Wordsworth's poetry is "fed on influences from natures *differing in kind* from his own *more* than any other poetry in the world," we should be disposed to say that it was commonplace bewitched. If it merely means that Wordsworth had a unique power for seizing the influences of external nature, and cared little for other men's thoughts except as they coincided with his own, it is a simple truism, which every previous critic on Wordsworth has expressed. The anti-theistic turn of the sentence and the free use of italics seem to imply that something deeper and less obvious is intended; and Mr. Hutton goes on to talk in a strange realist way about "radiated influences" and "living emanations," as if he thought that besides a mountain and a man there was some sort of distinct entity going about which could be separated from both and form the impression which one produces upon the other. Here we fancy that Mr. Hutton has been enveloping something like a platitude in a quasi-philosophical phraseology which conceals its true nature. In other cases he seems to us to make positively erroneous statements. He dilates at length upon Shelley's irreverence, till we begin to think that Shelley must have been a kind of poetical Voltaire; and he has some difficulty in proving, which he does principally by the help of the metaphor about boiling, that in some sense or other Shelley was a mystic after all. We are left with an uncomfortable vagueness, and a feeling that we have been led into a perplexity which is not cleared up by the use of some ingenious but indefinite figures of speech. The difficulty seems to us to be rather of Mr. Hutton's own creating. That Shelley was irreverent is plain enough, if we simply mean that he revolted against the theology of his time. His language in regard to Christian theology is simply disgusting to most minds, and Mr. Hutton expatiates upon two or three obvious instances. But it does not follow that Shelley's was a congenital or constitutional irreverence. Like other poets, he sympathized intensely with the revolutionary movement of the time, and passionately rejected all established notions, confounding the good and the bad in one common condemnation. He was rash, eager, and impulsive in the very highest degree; he had little or no speculative power; but it does not quite follow to our minds that, because a poet revolted against the established order of things in the days of Eldon and of Paley, he was in-

* *Essays, Theological and Literary.* By R. H. Hutton. London: Strahan & Co. 1871.

trinsically irreverent. Under happier circumstances he might have taken an entirely different direction. Irreverence, as indicating an indifference to what is pure and holy and exalted, seems to us to have been as far as possible from a characteristic of Shelley's. Though the unfortunate circumstances of his early education threw him into violent collision with orthodox creeds in spiritual and secular matters, we should say that the resulting irreverence was caused rather by his impetuosity of character than by any special intellectual peculiarity. This criticism illustrates what is, to our mind, Mr. Hutton's most serious shortcoming. He seldom or never gives due prominence to the external circumstances which have a main share in determining the bent of a man's character. His discussion of Hebrew poetry is radically unsatisfactory, because it is plain that he is no Hebrew scholar; his accounts of Goethe, Wordsworth, and Shelley, and, in a less degree, those of more modern writers, are weak on what we may call the historical side. Nobody, to our thinking, can really give a complete criticism of any one of those great men without a thorough knowledge of the intellectual atmosphere in which they were placed. Though recognising this truth in theory, Mr. Hutton gives it too little prominence in practice; and we accordingly find him occasionally falling into the blunder—most unlike his usual practice—of condemning poets and novelists because their opinions do not conform to his own views of orthodoxy. It is essential in judging of any work of art to place oneself at the author's point of view, and to make allowance for the influences to which he was exposed. This is where Mr. Hutton most frequently fails, probably from his desire to fix upon the essence rather than the external facts. The fault, however, is serious, though we must add that it is the most serious with which he can be fairly reproached. On the whole, Mr. Hutton is an eminently appreciative and intelligent critic, if a little too much given to certain feminine effusions of sentiment, and rather of the graceful than the vigorous order. We have, perhaps, enough of the slashing school of criticism, and it is pleasant to find a writer who is at once discriminating and more anxious to praise than to blame.

VÉRA.*

THIS time last year the *Hôtel du Petit St-Jean* came unexpectedly upon the world of novel-readers. It introduced them to phases of life and character that were unfamiliar. It carried them away from the conventional monotony of English middle-class society to the peaceful simplicity of Provençal life, and in the garden of the little hostelry by "the dark Garonne" they made the acquaintance of one of the most interesting heroines in recent English fiction. This year has brought them another heroine, moulded by the same hands, to contest with Marie for the first place in their regard. Véra, the new heroine, is not the maid of the inn, neither is she the daughter of the warm South. She is a Russian, and a princess, born and bred at Moscow. But, though different in station and in the place of her nativity, she is alike in this—that she has the gift of a fine human nature, and a genuine and a beautiful human character. She is one of those charming Northern women who fascinate good and worthy men, and lead them captive, they know not how. Not by their beauty, nor by what they say, nor by what they do, but by all these three, and by a curious combination of dissimilar qualities which are at once puzzling and entrancing by their cosmopolitanism. "These people," as one of the characters remarks, "are Germans in their intellects, Italians in their impulsive passions, and Northern in their pathos, while they are as fond of society and as fitted for it as any Parisian of the best of us; they are as supple as Greeks, and truly Oriental in their love of magnificence, as well as in their power of both inflicting and enduring cruelties with something very like indifference. . . . One must be Slav to combine such very curious and dissimilar qualities as these Russian ladies often do."

The plot of the story is of the simplest kind; so simple, indeed, that one is almost afraid to state it, lest the interest of the reader should be damped before commencing to read the book. It turns on an episode which is represented to have occurred at the battle of Inkermann, where a wounded English Guardsman accidentally kills a young Russian officer, the cousin and the boy-lover of Véra, and who just before his death begs the Englishman to take care of some little love tokens which he wished to be restored to Véra if ever he and she should meet. They do meet in the course of years, and after various vicissitudes in love and cross-purposes in life the curtain drops upon their perfect happiness. If the story depended on such a plot alone there would not be very much in it to recommend. But it is the treatment of the plot that deserves attention; and it is the graceful delineation of the character of Véra which raises the little book to a platform quite as high as, and in the estimation of some even higher than, that to which the author reached in the *Hôtel du Petit St-Jean*.

It may be said of this book, what can be said of very few books of the present day, that it is too short. Eight long years, and in the lives of Lord Kendal and Véra eight eventful years, have to be got over in one brief volume. The preparation and departure for the Crimean war both in England and in Russia, the war itself, a winter in Rome, a season in London, and a spring in Nice, have all to be compressed into

less than three hundred pages. And during all this time and through all the changing scenes, the chain of the lives of the hero and heroine has to be kept together, the links in their respective destinies soldered closer and closer, and the interest in the two sustained. The leading idea is one very prevalent in life, and very commonly entertained by both the men and women of this, and probably of every other century. It is the omnipotence of destiny, and the belief that circumstances rule mankind, and not mankind circumstances. "There is no armour against fate," is the motto that might be written at the top of every page, and it is the working out of the fate of these two people that excites our interest. The two lives starting—one "in the garden court of an old house in the Tverskoi street in Moscow," the other in "the morning-room of a house in Cadogan Place, London"—miles and miles apart, and unknown to each other, are led on, converging gradually till they meet; and as they move on slowly, now and then in the course of their progress meeting with obstacles and with difficulties that seem destined to change their whole course, you perceive that the streams are flowing on inevitably till the force of circumstances brings them irresistibly together. But how to work all this out in a natural and simple way, sustaining the interest in the characters and moving the whole social machine smoothly and easily without jerks or spasms—in this lay the difficulty which the author had to meet, and it is on overcoming this difficulty or not that the success or failure of the book, looked on as a work of art, depends.

The method adopted is in a manner original, and in our opinion it has been successful. It has been to present before the reader's mind carefully prepared tableaux descriptive of the more important episodes in the lives of the hero and heroine respectively, and to fit into these tableaux just sufficient dialogue to make them real and life-like, and to create an illusion in the mind that one has been present with the characters and a living spectator of the incidents described. Any one who has witnessed that most absorbing of all dramatic exhibitions—the Mystery Play as given at Ober-Ammergau in the Highlands of Bavaria—knows well how real and truthful the representations of the main incidents in the holy drama are made by the adoption of this method, and how the different stages in the familiar history are made continuous and life-like. Something of the same kind—if we may compare small things with great—has been attempted, and successfully attempted, here. All unnecessary detail has been suppressed, and while the continuity of the story has been kept in view and cleverly sustained, there has been no room for digression either of a speculative or descriptive character. Each scene comes on and arrests the attention. The characters in the foreground act their parts and say their say. There is just enough by-play allotted to the minor characters to prevent monotony, but their parts are kept subsidiary. The attention is not distracted from the principal characters, but is fully engrossed by the development of their destiny. A subdued neutral tint is thrown delicately over the background, and on this the mind can rest unconsciously. And by this means unity of design and simplicity of effect are produced, and the result is an artistic and harmonious piece of workmanship.

But it is upon the character of Véra that the author has expended, and well expended, the chief part of her labour and her skill. The delineation of this character has been a work of love, and the result is worthy of the work. A girl of sixteen—

A daughter of the gods, divinely tall
And most divinely fair—

Véra is introduced to us in the court of her father's house at Moscow, talking with Alexis, her boy lover, the day before his departure for the Crimea. He is wildly in love with her already, "and it was quite possible that a couple of years hence a union between them might be an arrangement as probable as it was pleasant for the families even now to contemplate." They are discussing, partly in banter, partly in seriousness, as young people do, the probabilities of Alexis's return, and the keynote of the book is struck as Véra dreamily repeated the words, "No, we know nothing of the future. . . . Is it not the strangest thing of all to think that be our fates what they may, they are already fixed; they are certain; they are waiting for us; nay, they are prepared, and rolling towards us now at this very moment, and we cannot avoid them?" And then her mood changes. "Holding each other's hands and singing a martial duet, they ran up to the door of the ante-room, where the sight of some of the waiting-women recalled Véra to demureness." Poor Alexis! She saw him depart next morning, never to return, without a moment's disquietude. "Earth of Moscow," she prayed, "may he return to thee worthy of thee"; and that was all the consideration she gave to him. No thought of love had come to trouble her. Her whole heart and soul were absorbed in the war, and her country was the only subject on which her bright enthusiastic nature could dwell. We meet her five years afterwards walking the deck of the *San Giuseppe* along with Colonel St. John and her father, on their way from Leghorn to Civita Vecchia, and irritating M. Wollenhaupt, her father's secretary, "by being in spirits and in beauty, hungry, and laughing when everybody else was wretched." And then at Rome, known in Italian society as "La Distinta," she appears, fascinating unwittingly every one by her beauty and her freshness, and her happy unspoiled nature. And here it is that Colonel St. John falls before her—Colonel St. John, the reserved, thoughtful, somewhat cynical, middle-aged Englishman, whose hand had accidentally killed her boy lover, though unknown both to Véra and to him. But as in 1854 her

* Véra. By the Author of "The Hôtel du Petit St-Jean." London: Smith, Elder, & Co. 1871.

whole soul was occupied with other things, so five years later the love of her dying mother entirely occupied her thoughts, and St. John watched and waited for some sign of response to the passion that had become part of his life. But all in vain. He saw great capability of feeling, could he only have the power of arousing it. "But as yet no one had troubled these waters, and their quiet and pellucid depths reflected only the sky." Three years after the sojourn in Rome he finds her sitting on a little camp-stool, in, of all unromantic places in the world, the machinery department of the Great Exhibition building in London, among the Armstrong guns and other instruments of death, listening to a lecture from her father upon modern artillery. Her mother was no more; her life was without interest or motive; and the chambers of her heart were vacant:—

She was altered undoubtedly, but not less winning and graceful. There was the same glittering hair, only she wore it differently; and the same lithe figure, only from her mourning dress she looked both taller and thinner; the eyes were as large and childlike, as blue still as violets, but they were graver, so that the colourless sweet face had got a plaintiveness about it which was quite new.

The time had not come yet, but the awakening was very near at hand. Some months later there is a Richmond party; and there it was, as they drove home in the summer night, that she became conscious of the birthday of her new life:—

Véra sat very silent: her heart was troubled and yet glad. With a perfectly pleasant and trusted companion at her side, and in the perfumed quiet of that night in June, what wonder then that it had stirred at last, that the Russian girl grew to love the Englishman and the English country; that she longed to grasp at happiness, as a baby holds out its hands for all the flowers that it may pass. A shooting-star glittered just then in the sky: Véra remembered the superstition that the wish formed during the falling of a star is granted, and clasping her hands on her lap, she raised her eyes, and whispered her wish—"His love."

From this moment her troubles begin, but with them "a new vista is opened for her in that old, cold, dreary, loveless life." Her father takes her abroad before the word is spoken. Once or twice St. John tries to say something, but all unconsciously she stopped him, and for months thereafter the old life, with all her new anxieties superadded, goes on as before. But her fate, as she said to Alexis in those days gone by, was fixed and certain; it was rolling towards her all those years, and she could not and did not avoid it.

We shall not attempt to trace further the steps of Véra's destiny. The interest is well sustained and intensified to the very end, the most attractive and perhaps the best scene in the book being that in which she meets Lord Kendal on the bridge at Nice. The photographic minuteness with which this scene is described; the careful analysis of the emotions which passed through the heroine's mind; the naturalness of the whole conception, and the simplicity of Véra's greeting—"Croyez-moi, je vous ai beaucoup plaint. Adieu!"—all together produce a touching and tender picture that any artist might be proud of having drawn.

It is hardly fair to compare this book with the former work by the same author. They are so entirely different. But people do compare them, and express their preferences, and we may likewise be permitted to express ours. On the whole we are faithful to the old love. From an artistic point of view the present story ranks higher than the past; the handling of the plot is superior to the handling of the three or four different threads of plot in the *Hôtel du Petit St.-Jean*, and the lifelike portrait of Véra is in no way inferior to that of Marie. But the surroundings of this year's book are conventional when compared with the freshness and romance of last year's. The battle of Inkermann, a London garden party, a dinner at Richmond, and a winter in Nice, though admirably given, one and all of them, are worn threadbare as subjects of fiction when contrasted with the village life of Southern France. And though there is every proof of careful study and appreciation of minute points of character and locality in the treatment of the various scenes which are presented, there is an absence of novelty in some of the incidents which detracts from the originality of the general work. And this originality was one of the most striking and promising characteristics of the *Hôtel du Petit St.-Jean*. We miss also those neat epigrammatic sentences which were so charming in the former work, and the quiet touches of delicate humour which gave an air of lightness and grace to our old friend. These little points of hypercriticism the comparison of the two books suggests. But, putting them aside—and they do not detract from the real merits of the book—we heartily congratulate the author on a second successful effort, and as heartily recommend to the public a book which cannot fail to please every one who reads it.

POCOCK'S RECORDS OF THE REFORMATION.

A MAN, if he is wise, does not willingly spend a great deal of time and labour on one department of history or literature and then desert it for ever. His experience is worth something to himself and others; in the course of his work he has formed or modified his opinions, developed likes and dislikes, and learned to speak with the authority that is due to superior knowledge. Mr. Pocock, after editing with great care and perseverance Bishop

Burnet's History of the Reformation in England, was tolerably sure to have something more to say on Burnet's subject. The Bishop, we know, was not precisely the man to give satisfaction to any accurate inquirer who chose to follow in his track. He was far too busy and interested an actor in his own times to be thoroughly calm and judicious in his estimate of times gone by. The first part of his work received the approbation of both Houses of Parliament when Titus Oates could command credence as a witness about Popish plots; the second part was dashed off in six weeks, amid much political excitement. Burnet did so much that he could do very little thoroughly, and his History of the Reformation is only a hasty sketch on a large scale, calling for Mr. Pocock or some one else to finish it.

On the other side of the English Channel the most popular authority about the English Reformation is Cobbett. His so-called History is read aloud to the pupils of many ecclesiastical seminaries, with the view of at once amusing them, teaching them good broad English, and confirming them in some of their most cherished prejudices. "Have you read Cobbett?" a German priest, who was returning from the Ecumenical Council, said not long since to an English fellow-traveller; "ah! you believe in the Virgin Queen; for my part, I prefer the Virgin Mother." He was evidently rather perplexed when his companion replied, in broken German and with a hesitation that was perhaps affected, that both might possibly be true. This view of the case had obviously never occurred to the witty and good-humoured priest. He looked upon the controversy as a personal affair, in which one reputation was to be pitted against another. In his judgment, if Mary was a saint, Elizabeth could not be an honest woman—a sufficiently convenient method of regarding the matter, no doubt, if the object was to gain a practical issue on which angry men could attack each other *ad libitum*, return reproach for reproach, insinuation for insinuation, and confirm themselves in that unpleasant state of mind in which increasing heat of temper covers all deficiencies of argument. It is a slower but more satisfactory process to maintain that Elizabeth may have been vain, inconstant, hesitating, tyrannical, avaricious, unprincipled, quite too free in her fancies, by no means maiden in her meditations, and yet may have helped forward in her way the interests of truth, and have been, to say the least, quite as nearly right as her enemies.

If this is true of Elizabeth, something of the same kind may be true also of her father; and this should be borne in mind more particularly when we are considering the period to which Mr. Pocock's *Records of the Reformation*, as now published, relate. The divorce, it must be freely confessed, was a very nasty affair, both in itself, its antecedents, and its consequences. Such it was, quite independently of the character of the persons principally concerned in it as actors, sufferers, advocates, and judges. Let us allow, for the sake of argument, that Catharine was not only a good woman, but morally and personally the most attractive princess that ever lived; that Henry, poor man, loved her with all his heart, and was driven from her bed solely by theological considerations and a difficult case of conscience; that Anne Boleyn was a model English girl, brought up quietly in one of the best of homes; that Wolsey was an austere churchman, who guided his conduct by ecclesiastical traditions without the least regard to the politics of the day; that Crammer was a simple-minded Christian, instinctively obeying his conscientious convictions, and ignorant of all books except the Bible; that Campeggio, as a judge, had no other object than to dispose of the case brought before him as fairly and as speedily as possible; that Clement VII. was just the man to despise motives of friendship and interest, and consider the question of divorce on its own merits. The divorce will then still be a subject that will disgust pure minds, attract foul ones, and make the cool student half ashamed of feeling at his ease while reading and writing about it. In one respect its documents are a little more wholesome than the contents of the scandalous part of our newspapers, for the greater part of them are in Latin. Idle men and women cannot run their eyes over them and discover the nastiness with a minimum of trouble. Persons of depraved imaginations are generally weak of will, and will forego unhealthy pleasures that can only be obtained by perseveringly groping in a dead language with the occasional aid of a dictionary. On the other hand, Henry's Great Divorce Case was in itself worse than the large majority of the cases which come before Lord Penzance, because it was so mixed up with things that ought to be sacred. It was grounded on the figment of a religious scruple; it was discussed openly by Professors and Doctors as a point of divinity; it was an occasion for setting the Pope against Scripture and Scripture against the Pope. The Old and New Testaments were ransacked for cases more or less in point. Free use was made both of the concubinage of Jewish kings and the matrimonial relations of the Virgin Mary with Joseph. Our Divorce Court is at best a necessary evil, sometimes defended on the ground of its necessity, and sometimes attacked on the ground that the scandals which it facilitates are more mischievous than those which it removes or palliates. But Mr. Pocock's volumes convince us that it could be altered much for the worse by becoming, in its forms, more Scriptural. The last offence would be given to propriety when texts were mixed with indecencies, and judge and counsel went backward and forward by trodden paths from questions of criminal medicine to the Mosaic law and the Gospel.

It was Mr. Pocock's original intention to publish in his *Records of the Reformation* only such documents, relating to the years 1527-1533, as had not already appeared in print, unless they had

* *Records of the Reformation*. The Divorce, 1527-33, mostly now for the first time printed from MSS. in the British Museum, the Public Record Office, the Venetian Archives, and other Libraries. Collected and arranged by Nicholas Pocock, M.A., late Michel Fellow of Queen's College. 2 vols. Oxford: Clarendon Press.

been so badly printed that they could be materially corrected. But, as he worked on he found this limitation of his plan inconvenient. He has ultimately admitted some papers earlier in date than Henry's first attempt at persuading the Pope to grant him a divorce, and others later than Clement's final decision in favour of Catharine. He has also reprinted some letters and pamphlets which have been long in print, but which are remarkable either for their extreme rarity or their great importance. In fact, like most honest and industrious inquirers, he found it impossible to determine beforehand with much precision either the extent or the form of his investigations. In examining the materials for a history of the period he was considering, he modified his views as to the nature of the documentary evidence which he would be wise in submitting to others. As the work now stands, it contains a good many premisses, and the indication of a few broad conclusions, but nothing like a connected narrative of the seven years under review. The History of the Reformation, as Mr. Pocock observes, has still to be written, and we are glad to know that he is himself engaged in composing a condensed account of the events illustrated by the documents he has published. On one point he should be on his guard. It appears from his preface that he scarcely makes sufficient allowance for the legal spirit in which the divines of Henry's Court wrote respecting the divorce when they were not attempting to be popular. Though the grand old days of lawyers in holy orders and episcopal Lord Chancellors had passed away, much of the system in which they had been trained continued, and law was a favourite study of ambitious students at the Universities. The scholastic logic, again, had its effect on clever men, and made them dexterous handlers of arguments rather than searchers after truth. They were bred in the atmosphere of disputation, and knew as well as any modern attorney that in dealing with opponents they should make as few admissions as possible, while holding themselves prepared for any amount of assertion on the other side. Without concerning ourselves either to affirm or deny that, previously to his marriage with Anne Boleyn, Henry had an intrigue with her sister Mary, we ought to be very slow in drawing such an inference from the words of the dispensation asked for, or from the elaborate paper in which Cranmer endeavoured to show that Henry had the fullest right to claim a divorce from Catharine and proceed to a second marriage. Suspicions as to Henry's relations to the Boleyn family were rife, and it was the object of his advocates to disable those suspicions. Every precaution was taken to meet beforehand all imaginable pretexts for impugning the validity of the King's marriage with Anne. Charges which perhaps could neither be proved nor refuted were to be rendered comparatively harmless by the plea that at any rate they did not touch the most important point of all. Henry might for a time be naturally anxious about the good fame of his intended wife, but lawyers, and divines advised by lawyers, were far less concerned to preserve her character and that of her family than to do their chief work well and make sure that the marriage was unassailable.

One form of the legal instinct was actively developed in the Italian Universities. Monks and Professors understood fully the market value of learning, and made no secret of the precise relations between opinions and fees. Croke, when in Italy on the King's errand, spent money freely in accordance with the royal instructions in bribing Doctors to take Henry's side, or at least not to help his adversaries. He kept a careful account of his expenses, not only in hiring horses, guides, boats, and sledges, but in exercising gentle persuasion at the seats of learning. At Padua, for example, besides administering *douceurs* to librarians and other useful officials, he gave the Prior of St. John and St. Paul fifteen crowns for himself writing in the cause and hiring others to do so. Jews were valuable articles in his estimation and their own; they knew Hebrew, if not Latin, and could explain the Law of Moses, though not the Canon Law. Sometimes he caught many fish in his net; thus he wrote from Bologna to Foxe:—"Sir, the King hath by my diligence only thirty-six doctors and fourteen friar observants of good learning and estimation here, which already hath written and subscribed directly with his conclusion; so that in all he hath now fifty, and four more I doubt not to send him shortly." At other times he had to drive his bargain with individuals. "Curtius of Padua, my most gracious Lord," he wrote to the King, "first promised to counsel for fifty crowns, after he would not for less than one hundred, now he will not under one hundred and fifty." Parisio informed Croke that he was ready to forsake the Venetians and the Emperor and serve the King, on condition of receiving 1,500 crowns per annum; but he knew the value of his services, and was unwilling to accept his salary in the form of an abbey or prebend. These learned men understood the principles of competition long before political economy was invented; to make their demands seem less extravagant, they played off the King against the Emperor, and the Emperor against the King. Croke soon found himself short of money. At Ferrara he could have obtained the favourable opinion of the whole College of Lawyers, being in number seventy-two, with the hand and seal of every member of the College, if he had been able to lay down a hundred and fifty crowns upon the spot. But he had not so many crowns, and tried to beat the lawyers down, pretending that the case was his own. He could not always indeed carry his point by bribes. At Venice the Provincial of the Grey Friars, and divers others, having received from him *pecuniam honorarium potius quam mercedariam*, were so frightened by some private proceedings of the Senate that they would not deliver

their works, but begged Croke to give them back their receipts and take again his money. Croke altogether found Italy a very expensive country to live in; it was then, as it is now, *pecunia famelica*, and he complained of the dear living much in the style of such modern travellers as quarter themselves in an Italian inn and omit to make a bargain. He repeatedly wrote home for money in a most supplicating tone, but money was not readily forthcoming. The Tudors, like the Kings of Prussia at a later date, were so fully convinced they had a right to every service of their subjects, that they scarcely felt it necessary to pay them. Henry, as usual, had no spare cash, and his Treasurer of the Chamber, Sir Brian Tuke, whose face, thanks to Holbein, we saw at South Kensington not so very long ago, objected to pay. Croke's statement of account as a precautionary measure against claims for speedy payment.

Mr. Pocock's volumes do not quite bring us down to the sanguinary part of Henry's reign; but before More and Fisher died, it was becoming clear that England would not be a pleasant country to live in. Courtiers were bending low before a tyrant, and lust, which was already stronger than decency, was soon to issue in bloodshed. The *Records of the Reformation* are in themselves valuable as documents of a brooding and threatening time; and they will become much more valuable when they have received an appropriate comment.

COLLEGE EDUCATION IN AMERICA.*

A WORK on American Colleges, from an experienced American Professor, can hardly fail to be interesting and suggestive. A work on the American College system, written in a spirit of strong educational conservatism, and in direct opposition to the favourite theories of the day, by a practical educator, who bases his preference for classical training and for disciplinary as contradistinguished from utilitarian studies on the results of an American experience, must be peculiarly welcome to those who are fighting what seems to be everywhere the losing, battle of conservatism in the educational field, and instructive to those, whatever their bias, who are yet open to instruction, and sufficiently conscious of the difficulties of the subject not to be led away by the obvious and superficial commonplaces of revolutionary theorists. If there is any country in which the new doctrines would be likely to be received with unhesitating confidence, it is America—a land without traditions, and therefore without respect for the past; with no monuments of former ages, no immemorial institutions to give continuity to its history, and bring the ancient world into connexion with the present; with no endowments to provide for the votaries of unremunerative learning; and no large class of men enabled by hereditary wealth, and encouraged by aristocratic tastes, to keep up a high standard of purely literary cultivation for the improvement of their own order and the emulation of others. Americans, as a rule, esteem wealth more highly, and culture more meanly, than any other people of equal civilization; their youth are eager to begin life and the paying business of life as early as possible, and therefore are apt to grudge all time devoted to studies not directly and visibly profitable. If, then, in America itself we find that the experience of those who have given their life and their abilities to the work of education inclines them to prefer the old-fashioned studies as the most valuable of all for educational purposes, as tending more than any others not only to culture and refinement, but to practical efficiency and qualification for remunerative professions, we may be well assured that we are listening to impartial witnesses, whose testimony is governed by the apparent results of opposite courses, and not by a professional or class prejudice in favour of the studies to which they are most accustomed and of the actual routine in which they have grown old; who are speaking for that which they candidly believe to be best in itself, and not merely for that which they wish to deem best because it is that which exists. The little volume of Dr. Porter on *American Colleges and the American Public* is an eminently thoughtful and suggestive book; and though we could wish that it contained more detailed information and less general disquisition, we cannot but recognise in it a valuable contribution to the literature of education, and a most important piece of testimony to the real purpose and proper direction of college education.

There are many differences between American and English Colleges, among which not the least significant may be seen in the distinction persistently drawn by Dr. Porter between the College and the University. That distinction does not, indeed, practically obtain; the American Universities being little different from the higher class of Colleges. "But whereas an English College is a part of the University, Dr. Porter regards the true function of the American Colleges as intermediate between the High School and the University proper, and compares them with the German Gymnasien. The age of the collegians is generally considerably less than that of the matriculated students of Oxford and Cambridge, or than the average age of those of London; and this involves a stricter discipline than our Universities deem necessary. The students, again, are for the most part men who intend to succeed; they go to college not as a matter of course, but because they are thought to have shown fitness for those professions for

* *The American Colleges and the American Public.* By Noah Porter, D.D., Professor in Yale College. Newhaven, Conn.: Chatfield & Co. London: Sampson, Low, Son, & Marston. 1870.

which a college career is a useful or necessary preparation; many of them earn the means of keeping themselves there by hard work during the vacations; and there is, therefore, a larger proportion of working students and a much smaller percentage of avowed idlers than either in this country or in Germany. Again, in the absence of rich prizes, there is no considerable number of men to whom the college studies are likely to be the main business and interest of life; and this is probably one of the causes of the lower standard of attainment which is obvious in the successful or "honour men" of American as compared with those of European Universities. The studies are pursued with a distinct view to something else rather than for their own sake, and of necessity rather than with enthusiasm. Rowing, games, and athletic sports compete far less powerfully with the proper collegiate studies than in England; but, on the other hand, the political tastes and tendencies of Americans, and especially the want of that class of students who mean to make college studies the work of life, gives to the Debating Club, and the various other societies formed among the young men, a greater hold upon the imagination and interest of the student, and causes them to interfere not a little with attention to the regular course. The existence of "secret societies" among the collegians is a peculiarity of the American system which can hardly be deemed a healthy or beneficial one. Another, arising from the aggregation of the whole body of youths in a single mass, and their association (where they reside within the college) in large "dormitories," is the reverse of what might have been expected—the absence of that strong and lasting attachment to the college, that feeling of union and associateship among its alumni, which is so marked at Oxford and Cambridge, and among old Oxford and Cambridge men. The intimate ties formed by the association of college life in our system fail in America from the size of the college and the absence of rivalry. The only recognised bond within the college is that of the class, composed of men of the same year; and it is obvious that the effect of this is to throw the youngest men together and separate them from their seniors in a manner by no means conducive to the full enjoyment of the highest benefits of college life. The stricter discipline, moreover, cannot but tend to weaken the moral influence of the tutors and officers of the college over the younger students, as compared with the freer and therefore more friendly relations of an Oxford or Cambridge College. This must especially be the case where the discipline is carried out with so minute a supervision as that indicated by Dr. Porter; a supervision regarded as espionage, and which therefore provokes among the students not only the bitter resentment with which young men always requite conduct which involves undue interference and ostensible suspicion, but also the contemptuous indignation excited by anything savouring of meanness or treachery. On the whole, it is evident that the American system is less favourable than our own to the development of the manly and gentlemanly qualities which it is the peculiar boast of our public schools and Universities to foster, and renders the life of the students far less pleasant, while, on the other hand, it is not shamed by the wholesale idleness and the gross extravagance which are too marked features of our own.

As the reader will gather from our first remarks, a considerable part of Dr. Porter's volume is devoted to the discussion of the comparative merits of the old system of education and those by which it is proposed to supersede it—a discussion based upon very practical arguments and upon direct experience. The author's thesis is that school and college education is meant to be disciplinary, not practical or professional; to train and sharpen the mind, not to store it with knowledge of details; to give general culture, and increase the power of mastering special subjects, not to inculcate any particular science or branch of knowledge; to qualify the student for life generally, not for this or that profession. He maintains with great force, and we think with great truth, from considerations which would occur so clearly only to one who had had experience in the work of education, but which, once set forth, are evident to all who have a tolerable acquaintance with the various studies compared, that Latin and Greek, by their structure, their grammar, and their syntax, are admirably suited for these purposes, and that no modern languages are comparable to them in this respect. In learning them, the intelligent and thoughtful student finds that he has learned at least the rudiments of what may be called the history of language; which he certainly would not acquire from the study of modern languages, all of which resemble our own in having lost the greater part, most of them nearly all, of those inflexions which are the characteristic of the ancient Aryan tongues, and without which it is impossible to understand the structure of our own. No one who will compare even German, the most complex and scientific of modern tongues, with Latin or Greek, can pretend to fancy that a man who knows German and French has learnt half as much respecting the nature and development of language, understands as much of his own tongue or of any other, as the man who has acquired an equal mastery of the two languages called by pre-eminence classic. A few months' study of Sanscrit and of French superadded will make the classical scholar a better philologist, in the true sense, than a man who can speak every language in practical use in modern Europe. Dr. Porter admits frankly the value of a thorough study of the English tongue and literature; but he justly argues that no such study will do the work of classical training, and that, indeed, without the latter, a man's knowledge of English can be but superficial. There is a

truth in this which may help to account for much of the corruption which our language has suffered at the hands of American and of some English writers. A man who does not know Latin and Greek never really understands English; half its vocabulary is a mystery to him, a language which he reads as he might read Italian, by the help of the dictionary, and which he writes accordingly with an imperfect apprehension of shades of meaning, and in utter darkness as to the "hidden metaphors" involved in the words; and he is therefore liable to fall into barbarous mistakes and ridiculous incongruities. And when such men undertake to write a grammar, or to correct our spelling, the results are ludicrous. It may be enough to observe that an American grammar of no small pretensions, written by some one who had never heard of the subjunctive mood, gravely treats "if I were" as a case of concord between a plural verb and a singular pronoun; and that "labor," "honor," "neighbor," never could have been spelt thus by men who knew their origin and had any tincture of true scholarship.

We are inclined to agree, on the whole, with our author's estimate of science as an educational medium. Strict mathematical science is of course an excellent instrument of mental discipline, though somewhat too severe for any but the more advanced classes of an English school, or of most American colleges. But physical science generally is, from its very nature, unfit for such a purpose. Its principles are deduced from an immense mass of facts acquired by observation; and either you must teach the principles without the facts on which they rest, in which case you give the pupil only a superficial acquaintance with the subject, or you overload his mind with a multitude of dry details, which, not being acquired by his personal observation, it is hard for him to learn, and almost impossible to retain. In neither case have you obtained an instrument of education, in the true sense of the word. If we were to differ with Dr. Porter here, it would be upon the exceptions he makes to the rule. We can conceive that some one science of observation might be usefully taught to boys, by way of training their observant faculty; and that the elementary truths of certain other sciences might be taught from books. But we believe that those who would really take any permanent interest in these subjects do learn them as it is—we can hardly say how; and that the rest would soon forget what they had been forced to acquire. Dr. Porter remarks that some of those who are eager to make education "practical" seem to think that a man ceases to learn when he leaves college. We may add that nearly all of them seem to fancy that youths learn nothing at school and college but what they read in class. These two mistakes between them account for one-half of the error of that minority of really educated men who advocate a utilitarian education; the other half may be understood from Dr. Porter's perfectly true remark, that a well-trained scholar will soon overtake the uncultivated man of one science even in his own department. Of the really able well-informed men of our acquaintance, most were more or less distinguished at school or college. Most of these have forgotten more than half what they learnt there, and have acquired nearly all they now know since they left; but it is to their school and college training that they owe all their subsequent acquisitions.

Dr. Porter's observations upon "the religious difficulty" are again interesting, as showing how strongly American experience refutes the very party who are most inclined to praise America and seek their models there. Repudiating the word "sectarian," which he fairly enough puts on a par with the epithet "godless," Dr. Porter prefers colleges teaching one distinctive form of Christianity to purely secular colleges, and he justly asserts, from experience as well as from *a priori* consideration, that the choice must lie between these two. If a college is to be unsectarian, its character must be preserved by the appointment of trustees or governors who are either all latitudinarians, or else who are chosen from different sects to countervail and watch each other. Indifference in the one case, jealousy in the other, is pretty sure to exclude all religious instruction worthy of the name, and the college falls into pure secularism. A college with a distinctive creed and distinctive worship need not, on the other hand, be exclusive or intolerant; and public opinion may be relied on to restrain it from becoming so. In this country, we fear, public opinion is neither so powerful, so vigilant, nor so wise, nor is sectarian feeling so easily overruled, as our author seems to think. Nevertheless, we have no doubt that, as he says, the choice lies between sectarianism, tolerant or not, and pure secularism; and we agree with him in preferring the evils of exclusiveness and bigotry—evils which life constantly tends to correct in educated men—to those of indifference and infidelity, which the world unhappily is but too likely to encourage and to aggravate.

CORVIN'S LIFE OF ADVENTURE.*

THE Browns and the Robinsons came in, as we all know, with the Conqueror; but the Corvins go back to the days of the old Roman Republic. There is usually a gap in the Brown and Robinson pedigrees, and their heroes are for the most part lost to sight during the reigns of the Edwards and the Henrys; after which they emerge, under the second or third George, in full vigour. So with the Corvins. From "my ancestor," M. Vale-

* *A Life of Adventure. An Autobiography.* By Colonel Corvin. 3 vols. London: Richard Bentley. 1871.

rius Corvinus—more properly Corvus, Colonel Corvin, for the old hero never himself adopted the lengthened cognomen—our author jumps at one bound (save for a single line, in which the existence of Q. Messalla Corvinus, the friend of Horace, Ovid, and Tibullus, is referred to) over fifteen centuries, and lands us among the Corvinuses of Hungary, whose descendants figured in Polish history as Counts Corvin-Krasinski. An heiress of this house, by her marriage with a "Prince Cardignan" (*sic*)—we should really be careful to spell our noble relatives' names accurately—brought the Corvins into alliance with the present Royal house of Italy. So much for the mythical and ornamental part of the Corvin family history. Colonel Corvin's great-grandfather (to come down to sober facts) left Poland for Prussia, but, not having means to support his rank, dropped both his name and his title. His son entered the Prussian service, and fought under the great Frederick. According to Colonel Corvin's account, his grandfather was personally decorated by Frederick, on the field of battle, with the Order of Merit. The incident is not recorded in the books, but we will not dispute the accuracy of Colonel Corvin's information, though Frederick was chary of conferring decorations even on his highest officers. Anyhow we should doubt its having taken place after Kolin or Kunersdorf, for after such defeats as those Frederick was always much more inclined to growl and grumble at what had been left undone than to be thankful for what had been done. There is no doubt, however, that Colonel von Wiersbitzki, as Colonel Corvin's grandfather was named, was a brave and gallant officer; and, furthermore, as he was blessed with twenty-four children, and as Frederick's soldiers had little chance of making much money, that he was unable to augment the family wealth. The youngest of his sons was Colonel Corvin's father, who himself served in the Prussian army till the battle of Jena, after which he obtained, and kept till his death, a place in the civil service.

The first part of these memoirs, which are throughout written in a simple and unostentatious style, though with a *naïveté* sometimes surprising to English reserve, is taken up with the recollections of boyhood and childhood; and would present little of interest were it not for the glimpses of life and manners in East Prussia, one of the least known and least visited districts in Europe. Boys are much the same all the world over, and Colonel Corvin's youth was not distinguished by any exceptional phenomena; nor could life well fail to be monotonous in the dull and cheerless country in which it was his lot to be brought up. He went through the usual amount of schooling, and seems to have played his masters rather more than the usual amount of tricks; and his holiday amusements appear to have consisted of smashing windows, plundering orchards, climbing over roofs of houses, and shooting small birds with "the blowpipe"—an instrument with which, as applied to destructive purposes, British youth is not familiar. At the age of twelve young Corvin was admitted, by special favour of the King, into the Cadet House at Potsdam, where, and at the more advanced establishment at Berlin, he remained till his eighteenth year, when he obtained his lieutenant's commission. People who have an idea that candidates for commissions in the Prussian service are subjected to the strictest training and discipline will find, by reading this part of Colonel Corvin's narrative, that such was not the case in his day at any rate. Plenty of liberty was accorded to the cadets, and sufficient opportunities to mix in general society at Berlin. The course of study, also, was liberal and comprehensive, and such as might turn out gentlemen and men of the world as well as soldiers. It must be remembered, however, that the Prussian army at this time (1825-30) was in no very high state of efficiency or discipline. We cannot dwell on this period of Colonel Corvin's career; we can only observe that he managed to enjoy himself pretty well; that he showed a facility, which never afterwards deserted him, for getting into scrapes; that he very speedily got into debt, but by luck and a certain financial ingenuity repeatedly contrived to extricate himself from his embarrassments; and that he early developed an independence of disposition hardly compatible with the necessities of military service. Nor need we dwell on his career in the Prussian army. He retained his commission only for five years. Those five years he spent, like most young officers, in dancing, flirting, getting into debt, and getting out of it. What little duty he had to do was in garrison towns, and he soon tired of that sort of work. Moreover he fell in love with a lady of rank inferior to his own, and their engagement being surrounded with difficulties requiring his constant personal intervention, he became anxious to resign his commission, and obtained leave in 1835 to do so. The account he gives of his regiment at the time of his leaving it is not flattering; and indeed the government, both of Prussia and Austria, at that time was in feeble hands, and the Prussian army had not recovered from the disaster of Jena. The subjoined extract will show the want of military spirit, among the officers at any rate:—

Many of my comrades envied me, chiefly because I was enabled to leave Saarbrücken, which became every day more insupportable. Several of them intended soon to follow my example, and others, who could not do so, came to a miserable end. I will only mention the fate of a few of them. My friend Fritz von Amstuth soon died; my friend Theodore, who had taken to drinking, died also. Haezel became a lunatic and died. Butterhof disgraced himself and had to resign. Lieutenant von G.—, without any apparent reason, went one evening to the bridge over the Saar, jumped into the river and drowned himself. Lieutenant von L.— had been very merry at a ball; his servant found him next morning dead on his sofa, his two pistols, with which he had shot himself, at his side. Held ran away with a strolling actress, and became an actor himself. All this within the space of a few years. My fate would probably have been similar, had I not had courage to resign in time.

For the next thirteen years Colonel Corvin appears to have led a desultory wandering life, constantly forming great plans, which generally came to nothing, and embarking in commercial and literary enterprises, many of which proved utterly chimerical. A man of irrepressible energy, but without that fixity of purpose which can alone ensure success, the number of irons he had in the fire during these years was something remarkable. We find him in turn a journalist, a writer of comedy, a writer of tragedy, a writer of extravaganza, a public reader, an editor of a natural history paper, an editor of an hippological paper, an historian, an architect, a swimming-master, a glyphographer, and a galvanoplast. Need we add that, while these various irons were being heated, he figured pretty frequently as a borrower, and his necessities at times were extreme? A singular mixture of good and ill luck attended his movements. He was always meeting with accidents, and being, as we take it, subject to absence of mind, like most over-restless people, he was perpetually leaving his watch behind him, or his purse, or his papers, or having his pocket picked, or getting into the wrong road or the wrong carriage, or losing his luggage. His pet dog, too, would go mad, or his pet publisher would break, or his partner would abscond, or his landlord would drop down dead. Indeed he seems to have been a fatal tenant to his landlords:—

The first I had in the city was a young, healthy man of about thirty-five. He fell ill, and died within three days. The same was the case with that in Bockenheim. My third landlord was a young man of twenty-eight. When, after an absence of two days, I returned from Darmstadt, and passed over the Rosspatz, which was still a great distance from my lodging, I was suddenly struck by the thought, "Stroelen is dead!" On reaching my house, I found him on the bier. The fourth lodging I took was kept by an old woman—

and the Colonel could not get rid of her. On the other hand, his good luck in always meeting with friendly aid at the most critical moments in some way counterbalanced his incessant misadventures. Equally contradictory was his social position. He had adopted the democratic creed in politics, and had in some way shuffled off his Prussian citizenship and his allegiance to the Prussian crown. But, with all his democracy, he never forgot that he was born an aristocrat, and he took good care to enjoy all the social advantages which his birth gave him as often as he could. If to-day he was giving lessons in swimming to the youth of Leipzig, to-morrow he would be playing cards with Prince Albert, who at that time enjoyed the liberal allowance of 21. per month. If on one night he was in hopeless despair how to pay for food and lodging, on another he would be figuring at a Court ball, and dancing with a Grand Duchesse. At the Court of Gotha, in particular, he was always received with marked kindness—kindness which, we regret to say, met with a very different return from what might have been expected. In the autumn of 1847, the reigning Duke of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha generously lent Colonel Corvin 1,000*l.*, and in the spring of 1848 Colonel Corvin was actively engaged in organizing an armed force with the avowed object of deposing the Duke and other German princes from their thrones. Colonel Corvin, indeed, asserts that no part of this thousand pounds was appropriated to revolutionary purposes, but such an excuse needs no comment. This incident leads us to the most critical event in Colonel Corvin's career—namely, his participation in the silly and abortive raid into Federal territories in the years 1848-49. In the former year the French had been indulging in one of their periodical revolutionary fits, and the pusillanimity of Louis-Philippe had cost him his crown. Other nations were desirous, if they only could find out how, to get rid of their rulers, and a crowd of dreamers of dreams, would-be poets and would-be philosophers, confident that the millennium was at hand, descended in all haste from their garrets and studies to secure as many of its good things for themselves as they could. So far as the German malcontents were concerned, some of them had perhaps the dim glimmer of an idea that Germany ought to be a great and a united country, but of the proper time and the proper means for accomplishing so vast a work they were wholly ignorant. Never, in the history of futile rebellions, was there ever witnessed so paltry a beginning of a great enterprise as in 1849, when an armed rabble overran part of Baden, and, after making-believe to fight for a few months, were shut up in the Federal fortress of Rastadt, and compelled to surrender at discretion. Poets or philosophers may perhaps be excused for fancying that kingdoms can be overthrown by tall talk; but there is no excuse for a man like Colonel Corvin, who had received a military education, encouraging an undisciplined mob to advance to certain destruction. He takes no pains to disguise his contempt for the ignorance and incompetence of his associates, but he seems never to have had courage enough to point out to them the hopelessness of their task. Here, from one of their leaders, is a promising description of the regenerators of Germany:—

The refugees were a very troublesome body, and, as most of them had nothing to do, they quarrelled in true German fashion amongst themselves. Nearly every day it was necessary to go to the Prefecture to make excuses for their stupidity, or to arrange their affairs. Not that all the Democrats of that time were blackguards, but nearly all blackguards were Democrats, or professed to be such, and we had a very large allowance of them in Strasburg.

Here, again, we have a glimpse of the supporters of democracy in the large towns, who were prepared to second the efforts of these refugee invaders by doing a little warfare on their own account. An outbreak was contemplated in Berlin, and Colonel Corvin, with two companions (one of them the well-known Held), wished

to see the leaders of the party, so that the signal might be properly given:—

On inquiring for the "Committee of the Democratic Congress sitting in permanence," we were shown into a room, where we found about a dozen boys, who were eating their supper and drinking beer. It was with difficulty that we kept our countenances, and Held asked with earnest dignity for the President. An agreeable-looking young man . . . rose from his supper, and looked very red and embarrassed when Held required an explanation of the note directed to the Socialistic Club [demanding the immediate commencement of a revolution]. Young Democrats are not at all fond of plain and intelligible expressions, and all present were very much perplexed, stammered excuses, and abused those who had misrepresented the feelings of the Berlin people. These brave boys were much ashamed of their presumption when they found themselves face to face with men, and declared that they were not indeed able to act as leaders, but that they were ready to fight and die for the cause of the people. I believed this the more readily as I immediately afterwards had an evidence of their courage and zeal. Opposite the café in the street were some empty barrels, and some street boys were amusing themselves with throwing stones against them, which produced a sound very similar to the report of guns. All present jumped up in the greatest confusion from their seats, and, laughing most heartily, we left these "in permanence" beer-drinking youths.

The military knowledge of the managers of the Baden campaign was about on a par with the political capacity of their supporters in Berlin. The leaders quarrelled among themselves, and the men would not obey. They preferred pillage to fighting, and, as Colonel Corvin remarks, "were very brave against the unfortunate feathered tribe, attacking geese, ducks, and hens, with swords and pistols." Drink, also, was highly acceptable to them, and many drank themselves into stupefaction, and were killed in that state by the Prussians. What could be expected, however, when the rebels actually fired on one another, not having sense enough to distinguish friends from foes; and when the campaign was directed by a Secretary of War who, on being warned that the rebel army was in danger of being outflanked, replied, "What does it matter? If the enemy is on our flank, we are also on his." The end soon came, and Colonel Corvin, who had taken an active part in all the operations, assisted by an aide-de-camp who appears to have had no special faculty for anything except tumbling off his horse, had to share the lot of his misguided associates, and surrender unconditionally. In the last week of July, 1849, the fortress of Rastadt opened its gates to the Federal troops, and the work of punishment began. The poor poets and philosophers, whose ignorance might have pleaded in mitigation of their sentences, were shot wholesale; but Colonel Corvin, by a strange piece of luck, escaped the fate he deserved. He was condemned to death, but, at the last moment, his sentence was commuted to ten years' imprisonment. And this lenient punishment was not fully carried out, for at the end of six years he was released. The authorities were probably not very much afraid of him, and, despite his having taken up arms against Kings and Grand Dukes, may have regarded his Republicanism as little more than skin deep. The story of his imprisonment at Bruchsal is simply and effectively told. The discipline was wearisome and monotonous, no doubt, but not severe, still less cruel. The constitutional restlessness of Colonel Corvin was not to be stilled even by solitary confinement. As out of prison, so in it, he ever schemed, planned, and plotted:—

Sometimes I amused myself with the mental execution of some difficult plan. I was for a very long time occupied in the arrangement of a colony in South America, founded upon moderate communistic principles; then I had very much to do with air-balloons, and invented a new manner of steering them. Having always meddled a little with chemistry, electrolyte, &c., I was indefatigable in inventing new things, and I have many hundred ideas of this kind set down. I invented there, amongst other things, the inlaying of mother-of-pearl, or other material, in metal, by means of electrolyting, for which I afterwards took out patents in England and France.

Less praiseworthy was his acceptance of the aid of an enthusiastic maiden in Bruchsal, who successfully infringed on the prison regulations in the interests of the political prisoners, and eventually brought ruin on herself and her family. A little reflection on the comparative leniency of his treatment might have induced Colonel Corvin to bear his confinement with patience and composure instead of endangering the safety of a generous and disinterested friend.

We part from Colonel Corvin on his release from prison. We do not consider him a martyr; far from it. Nor do we compassionate him for the discomforts which a man of active habits naturally experiences when caged within four walls. But we may, in all charity, express our hope that his chequered life may have a peaceful and honourable close.

CALENDAR OF STATE PAPERS.—FOREIGN SERIES.*

WE are sorry to part company with Mr. Stevenson. It is understood that he has retired from the staff of the Master of the Rolls, and has left a place which it will be difficult to fill as well as he has filled it. We have now followed him through six volumes and as many years of the foreign transactions of the reign of Elizabeth. The series appeared likely to be a long one, but we are glad to find that it will in all probability be compressed into less space than we had anticipated. The ana-

lysis of the papers is somewhat shorter, and the documents are not so numerous, so that the present volume runs over the whole of the years 1564 and 1565, embracing the Treaty of Troyes of April 11, 1564, which is known to history, and some subsequent negotiations which have scarcely been noticed by historians.

It is seldom that we have to review a volume of State papers containing so few documents of interest. The papers for the most part neither bring to light new facts of importance, nor, again, do they exhibit any features which add much to our knowledge of the history of the period. The extraordinary revelations that have been made from time to time by the publication of Venetian and Spanish despatches seem to have taken the shine out of the papers that have been preserved in our own Record Office. Nevertheless, each volume as it comes gives us intelligence which will be available for those whose business lies in the bypaths of history. And we will admit that we have been surprised ourselves at the continual cropping up of one subject whose historical importance is slight only because it was always a probability, and never became an accomplished fact. We allude to the matrimonial projects—or, as it would be more correct to speak of them, for—Elizabeth. How her marriage might have altered the course of events is a question which does not admit of solution, and which, if it did, might not afford much profit in the investigation. Nevertheless, the story of the suitors for Queen Elizabeth's hand would find many readers; and the present volume shows that, if she had really determined never to give her hand to any of them, she was by no means anxious that it should be understood through the Courts of Europe that she had devoted herself to a life of single blessedness. The pretensions of Philip of Spain, and the first offer of Charles of Austria, had been disposed of before the time of which we are now writing. Whatever truth there may have been, and probably there was not much, in her assertion that, if she could once resolve to marry, Philip would be the object of her choice in preference to all other candidates for her hand, she had undoubtedly judged wisely when she alleged the impediment of his previous marriage with her sister Mary as a reason why she could not entertain his suit. The daughter of Anne Boleyn must have felt that disregard of the tie of affinity was no safe ground for her to venture on. Philip's suit was speedily dismissed, and his marriage with Isabella of France effectually stopped any rumours that might have been spread as to the probability of a matrimonial engagement which was never on the cards at all. The Archduke Charles of Austria might have been thought to have a better chance, but the difference of religious faith was conclusive against this match. Of the home suitors we do not of course expect to hear much in a volume of foreign despatches. Sir William Pickering had enjoyed for a brief period the reputation of being the favourite, and Bishop Jewel gave him a character for piety which may have raised the hopes of the Puritan party, but which would hardly tend to ingratiate him with Elizabeth. His name nowhere appears in this volume, and Arundel is only mentioned twice, and on both occasions as being "in displeasure of the Queen." Both of these had had their brief day, and the man who pre-eminently enjoys the favour of his sovereign during the two years of this volume is Lord Robert Dudley, whom Elizabeth nevertheless is proposing as a husband for the widowed Queen of Scots. We are bound to admit that the present volume throws no light upon the motives for this insincerity on the part of Elizabeth; neither was it probable that it should illustrate the relations of Dudley and the Queen. No discovery of English State papers will be likely to reveal anything that will satisfactorily establish the innocence or the guilt of that intercourse. But though her marriage with Dudley is referred to in these papers as a possible, and sometimes even a probable, contingency, it is clear that the King of Sweden did not consider Elizabeth's refusal of his often repeated offers as final. His four letters to the Queen are certainly for the most part prosaic enough, yet in one of them, written as late as the year 1565, he assures the Queen, that though the machinations of his enemies have hitherto prevented him from marrying her, yet such is his earnest wish. No doubt the receiving such letters and assurances was a source of some satisfaction to the Queen, but if ever she had fancied that there was anything of the romantic or the tender in the repeated protestations of love which she received from Eric XIV., such imagination must have been speedily and effectually dispelled by the discovery of his correspondence on the same subject with the daughter of the Landgrave, from his engagement with whom he was holding back so long as there was yet a chance of success in the more important affair, the connexion with England. There is something ludicrous in a letter from the King of Denmark being preserved in an English repository of State papers which tells the story of the fraudulent dealing of Eric with Elizabeth. Frederic II. writes on the 3rd of March, 1564, to say that he had intercepted two letters written to her by the King of Sweden, the one begging her assistance in his quarrel with the writer, and the other containing a proposal of marriage to herself. He begs the Queen of England will excuse him for having informed the Landgrave of the contents of the latter epistle, as the King of Sweden was a suitor to the Landgrave's daughter. The King of Denmark, though he did not scruple to open a private letter, and to avow that he had done so, and that he had communicated its contents to a third party, was at any rate possessed of more delicacy than his brother of Sweden; for, having occasion to write upon other matters, he sent a separate letter on the same day, instead of lumping the two subjects of business and a proposal of marriage, as Eric of Sweden had done,

* *Calendar of State Papers, Foreign Series, of the Reign of Elizabeth.* 1564-5. Preserved in the State Paper Department of Her Majesty's Public Record Office. Edited by Joseph Stevenson, M.A., of University College, Durham. Under the Direction of the Master of the Rolls, and with the Sanction of Her Majesty's Secretary of State for the Home Department. London: Longmans & Co., and Trübner & Co. 1870.

and sending them on the same sheet of paper. How it was that Cecil managed to get tidings of this a fortnight before the date of this letter does not appear, but there is a memorandum of his, dated February 18 of the same year, which details the same circumstances, adding to them that the Landgrave considers himself and his daughter free from the engagement. The document is endorsed by Cecil—*Recusatio matrimonii pro filia Landgravi*.

It is remarkable that Elizabeth, in her reply to the King of Denmark, makes no complaint of her letters being opened by him, contenting herself with observing that her intentions as regards the offers of marriage have been sufficiently explained by former transactions. But this volume discloses the name of another aspirant to the hand of Elizabeth, whose claims have been made too little of by historians. Randolph, writing to Cecil March 30, 1565, tells him that it is whispered that marriage is intended between France and England; and that the idea of marrying Elizabeth to the boy who sat on the throne of France had been suggested from several quarters is plain from another memorandum of Cecil's, endorsed *De matrimonio cum Carolo rege Francie*, which he entitles "A summary of my speech with the French Ambassador at his house on Thursday in the morning, February 15." As Charles IX. was not yet fifteen years old and Elizabeth was in her thirty-second year, such a match did not look promising, and Cecil appears to have alleged the impediment of age, as well as the probable difficulties that would ensue if the heirs of such a marriage should inherit both the crowns. Nevertheless the matter was not summarily disposed of, for six weeks later we have another memorandum of a communication between Cecil and the French Ambassador, from which it appears that Elizabeth desired time to consider the matter, alleging that the King will not be of marriageable age for two or three years, and that there was a necessity for her to consult some of her nobility. To this end the Queen professes her willingness to keep herself free from all other engagements. Such an answer, however, did not satisfy the French Ambassador, who professed to desire something more definite in reply, as he said it was expected that, at the coming Conference at Bayonne, Philip would propose a marriage of the French King with one of the daughters of the Emperor. A fortnight later Smith had a private interview with the King and his mother, in which the matter was discussed at length in all its bearings; but whatever desire for the match there may have been on the French side, there was none on the English, and as Elizabeth had probably resolved not to marry a foreign prince, she did not care how long she kept her suitors in suspense. At the very time she was making this promise of keeping herself free for the King of France, she was writing to Maximilian, urging him to "send over her old suitor Charles, Duke of Austria, on the plea that it would be better for both to see each other." But in truth she never seriously entertained the proposals either of the Archduke or the King.

This was the time at which the visit to Kenilworth, which Scott has immortalized, was paid, and Leicester was at the summit of his glory. Our readers scarcely need to be told that the introduction of Amy Robsart into the story is an anachronism, as she died, either by natural causes or by violence, some years earlier. We have said that the difference of religious belief would have been an insuperable obstacle to the marriage with the Archduke Charles, but even on this point there was at that time room for doubt. There were still hopes of the Queen of England, though perhaps it was only to spite the Puritans that "Her Majesty wore a pair of beads with a crucifix hanging at them for three days together." Indeed the idea of the acceptance of the Council of Trent in England appears more than once in this volume. The Council had concluded its sessions, its Confirmation being dated in February 1564, and there are several interesting documents which relate to its acceptance or non-acceptance in the different countries of Europe. Whether the reconciliation of England was still possible, or whether it was only thought by certain enthusiasts to be possible, we cannot attempt to determine, but there is a most remarkable communication from Gurone Bertano to Cecil in this volume, which Mr. Stevenson has very properly translated in full. And here we may notice incidentally that this Bertano is the same person who figures in the reign of Henry VIII. under the name of Guron, sometimes Englished into Grony, who more than thirty years before this time was employed as a messenger in conveying despatches between England and Rome. It is wonderful that this document should have so long escaped the notice of historians. The writer states that he has persuaded the Pope that Cecil understands the true doctrine of the Catholic religion, and says that the Pope, believing that Cecil is able to cause the present Parliament to settle the true form of religion in the kingdom, will heap upon him every kind of honour and dignity which can be given, and will do whatever tends to the service of the Queen and the realm. He refers his correspondent to another letter which he has written to his friend Antonio Bruschetto, for details of what the Pope would do for him, for the Queen, and for the realm. We regret to say that this letter does not appear to have been preserved. For other and extremely interesting particulars we must refer the reader to the document itself, which occupies two pages in Mr. Stevenson's translation, and which is numbered 683, and not, as is wrongly printed in the Index, 623.

There are many other incidents in this volume which we had marked for comment, but we have already exceeded our ordinary limits, and we conclude with warning our readers that they will

not find much to interest them in the State papers of the years 1564 and 1565 unless they are previously tolerably well acquainted with the history of the reign of Elizabeth.

ASKAROS KASSIS.*

READERS of this "Romance of Modern Egypt" will find no cause to complain of barrenness of incident, absence of picturesque effect, or dimness of local colouring. Laying his scenes in the East, carrying his story back to days when the rulers of Egypt were less amenable to public opinion and Western influences than they are now, Mr. de Leon abuses historical licence in heaping sensation on sensation. The result is, that he has written an unreal tale of impossible life. Had he written more simply he would probably have made a success. He has clearly an eye for dramatic effect, and some capacity for vigorous description. He can conceive characters that only want some sort of consistency to be telling. But his too visible efforts overreach themselves. He crowds good situations, and over-colours them, until he shocks credulity itself past all possibility of self-illusion. He strains and overlays his style, until it smacks of that of our most daring transpontine dramatists. He accumulates far-fetched metaphors in intense contempt for congruity. His personages assume in their natures the most Protean shapes under the pressure of passion and circumstances, until their successive mental attitudes become, not only incongruous, but irreconcilable. Mr. de Leon, it appears from his title-page, has filled the post of American Consul-General in Egypt, and has therefore selected ground more familiar to him than to his readers, and on which he ought to be much more at home than his critics. That he is conversant with it we cannot doubt, although surely here and there his memory has played him false, as, for instance, when he makes his hero find his way by the Shoubra Road from the Nile to the tombs of the Mamlook Kings without entering the city of Cairo. Yet he seems to us to paint his Oriental life very much from stock prejudices and standard Oriental fictions. His descriptions of the gorgeous luxury of interiors resemble rather pages from the *Arabian Nights* than the tawdry realities where gaudy Frankish furniture is hustled into blank bare-walled rooms. The voluptuous beauties who tenant them, all glowing with life and love, are certainly more romantic than the pale-faced, obese, soulless hours who really pall on the senses of the sated Mussulman; but they are as mythical, we fancy, as those captivating dancing-girls whom Mr. de Leon introduces as shocking European modesty at an entertainment in the Harem. He has a good idea, had it been original, in bridging the gulf between East and West by introducing an English-educated Coptic gentleman as falling in love with a fair American. But then *The Fellah* suggests itself at every turn, and we are constantly reminded that our author has been anticipated by M. About. And the party of Franks he presents us to at the outset merely serve to introduce the heroine, and then efface themselves, or nearly so. We are left to a genuine Eastern tale of fraud and craft and lawless violence—ambuscades, abductions, assassinations, hairbreadth escapes, and bloody tragedies. There is enough of desperate adventure compressed into this single volume to furnish out half a dozen sensation novels. Not content with choosing a country and a time when probabilities might reconcile themselves plausibly to a great variety of exciting episodes, he makes palaces and prison-houses betray thrilling secrets of things that may have happened doubtless, and happened often. But when Mr. de Leon gets among historical personages, we do not know how far he professes to write history, while his whole atmosphere grows so thick with blood, cruelty, and treachery, that we breathe with difficulty and find ourselves under the oppression of a nightmare. Whether he bases his tale on rumour or on sheer fiction, from an artistic point of view the thing is overdone. Abbas Pacha figures as the typical Oriental despot, consistently brutal, violent, and lustful; delighting in blood for the pleasure of it; the slave of vices that have only lost their hold on him since they began to pall; cringing and lying before superior strength as represented by the resident agents of the Great Powers. We have the Princess who intrigues with the Divan at Constantinople, and exercises a mysterious influence over the Egyptian despot's destinies; she has her palace, whose side gates, guarded by armed mutes, admit the objects of her passing caprice, while its latticed windows open conveniently on the secret-keeping Nile. She has committed parricide in her time—her victim on that occasion being no less a personage than Mehemet Ali. No wonder that she has meaner men sacrificed as a matter of course to such reputation as is left her. She concludes with prompting the assassination of Abbas, which is given with over-faithful minuteness of detail. It will be seen that Mr. de Leon, presumably on the strength of his Egyptian experiences, writes his Egyptian history in blood, and of course the details supplied by avowed fiction are filled in to match.

The book opens with a description of Cairo by sunset; the city, the Nile, the desert and the pyramids, "their sharp cones" "pointing like giant fingers to heaven"—about as unhappy and unsuggestive a metaphor as Mr. de Leon has lighted upon throughout his book. Thence we are transported to the Ezbelieh, the centre of the Frankish quarter of Cairo, where at the window of one of the European hotels we are presented to the heroine and

* *Askaros Kassis, the Copt: a Romance of Modern Egypt.* By Edwin de Leon, late U.S. Consul-General for Egypt. London: Chapman & Hall, 1870.

her party. Edith van Camp is natural enough. None the less so, that she is slow to know her own mind in matters of the heart. Her father and her brother are but slight sketches in the middle distance, and, as they are countrymen of the author's, we shall not presume to criticize them. But against the English gentleman who dances attendance on Edith we must protest. As we see him, he is as monstrous a caricature as the "Anglais à Mabilles" who used to figure in the windows of the French printshops. He is "tall, of aristocratic mien, with long yellow whiskers." Although domesticated for the time in Cairo, like the ancient knight-errant who never got out of his armour, Sir Charles dines and lisps soft nothings to the lady of his affections, equipped at all points for cockney travel. "The many straps that crossed and recrossed his chest, supporting spyglass and all the other paraphernalia of a British tourist, spoke him unmistakably an Englishman." Sir Charles Mr. de Leon will call him, although the companions of his travel invariably address him as "My Lord," and Sir Charles he remains, even after he has succeeded to the family title and been duly enrolled in *Debrett* as Lord Aylmer. One is driven to speculate as to how far the information the author vouchsafes on Oriental matters not generally known is equally trustworthy. On the Ezbekieh the party see, and are simultaneously struck by, the hero, Askaros Kassis, a Coptic Antinous. Young van Camp fancies he knows the face, goes up to assure himself, and it turns out that the two had been chums at Eton. Askaros, with other young Egyptians, had been sent to England by Mehemet Ali to be educated. Thenceforth we have the story of *The Fellah* repeated so far as the foreign party is concerned. Askaros does the honours of his country, explains Egyptian manners and matters to them, and acts cicerone to the Egyptian sights. He entertains them at a native banquet, where Edith, in superb Oriental fashion, is presented with costly jewels. The two of course are in love with each other, although their happiness is deferred by prejudice of race on the lady's side, and by unlucky circumstances of which the gentleman is the victim. To the very end of the story, where we are glad to say he is left safe and happy, Askaros is made the mark of the slings and arrows of most outrageous fortune. Abbas Pacha takes a fancy to his father's riches, and a spite to himself individually. His old peccadilloes find him out, and he is persecuted by the jealous and insulted pride of the Princess we spoke of above. In one and the same night he leaps from her window into the Nile, and swims and dives for a couple of miles in the swollen river before he reaches land, having previously by the way had his arm wounded by a vicious dagger-thrust from his former lady-love; he is nearly torn to pieces by a pack of wild dogs he unwittingly stumbles upon outside the walls—an incident very well told; he is rescued by some Bedouins, the sons of the desert fortunately having pitched their camel-hair tents hard by; he is welcomed by the sheikh, who is not only a robber-king of the desert, but an old friend of his father's; finally, having dragged himself home, just by his own door he is knocked down, gagged, bound, and carried away. Pretty well for a single night's work. When he marries Edith, the husband's ill-luck involves the wife. The Pacha sees, admires, and steals her away. She is shut up in the citadel. Taken unawares as she was, she might have been worse provided against such a mishap. In her bosom she has a dagger which her husband chanced to have sportively forced on her that morning, besides a dove she had been playing with when the message reached her that lured her away. The dagger saves her from the rude love-making of Abbas. When she flashes it before his eyes, he falls back at once in abject terror, "like the tiger who has missed his spring." It fortunately never occurs to him to call in help to disarm her. As for the dove, that was still more providential. Not only has it kept itself quiet in her bosom through so many agitating scenes, until a chance flutter reminds her of its presence, when she employs it to carry to her husband a hint as to her whereabouts, but it actually occurs to her friends to make it the bearer of a message back, and, strange to say, the bird duly brings it to a place it had only visited once—brings it, but dies in delivering the note. Not the least marvellous part of its life was this death scene. Edith sees it flying towards her window and watches it eagerly. But she also sees a couple of Bedouins seated between her and her messenger. They get their guns ready, and she feels that her envoy's fate is sealed. We should have fancied that, in flying from the part of Cairo where Askaros's dwelling was situated to the citadel, the bird must necessarily have passed over crowded streets, and certainly, even had the marksmen been there, for ourselves we should have had small fears for its safety. Most Arabs with their ball-loaded matchlocks would as soon think of bringing down a gnat on the hover as a pigeon on the wing. These Bedouins, however, were exceptional marksmen. One courteously motions to the other to take the shot, "leaving so small a game to his companion," which his companion would have done, but at that moment a hawk comes dashing down, and he diverts his fatal aim to the bird of prey and drops him nearly dead. Not quite—unluckily; the dying hawk, acting after its kind and instinct, continues its fell swoop and buries its cruel talons in the pigeon. That faithful messenger, with a marvellous effort of strength and memory, struggles up to the window of its mistress, delivers its note, and expires.

We should apologize perhaps for diverging at such length to a trivial episode, but it seems amusing, and perhaps we could hardly better illustrate the merits and defects of the book. For the incidents are well told, and would be exciting were it not for the manifest absurdities that beset us at every

turn. Mr. de Leon's mistake seems to lie in an attempt to compromise between the superb extravagance of old Oriental fictions and the air of probability demanded by the more practical modern mind. He does not produce geni at the rubbing of a ring, introduce us to ladies metamorphosed into mares, or make his animals converse and reason. But he makes so many other things happen in audacious defiance of the laws of commonplace life and character, that his story seems even more unreal than "Aladdin" or "Sindbad." Mr. de Leon professes to write of a world we know, and therefore we criticize him. The author of the *Arabian Nights* transports us beyond all our experience, and in our fortunate moments we may yield ourselves to the illusion and believe him blindly.

GERMAN LITERATURE.

THE seventh volume of Gregorovius's great work on the mediæval history of the city of Rome * successfully continues one of the most erudite and picturesque of modern histories, whose remarkable good fortune it is to increase in interest from the beginning to the end. The period embraced by the present volume, extending from the termination of the great schism to the death of Alexander VI., has the advantage for modern readers of sufficient affinity to the intellectual character of our own times to be readily apprehended in its distinctive features without too great a demand upon our imaginative sympathy, or the need of an extensive accumulation of antiquarian knowledge. There is also the great advantage that the various Popes who constitute the principal figures of the story are neither obscure and shadowy individualities like the majority of mediæval pontiffs, nor yet so utterly abhorrent to all the tendencies of the modern mind as the characteristic representatives of spiritual ascendancy in the Innocents and Hildebrands. Martin V., the grand Roman patrician; his shifty, crafty, and unlucky Greek successor; the learned and virtuous Nicholas; Pius II., the most intellectual of Popes; the ostentatious and choleric Paul II.; Sixtus IV., the singular example of a fiery and passionate soul systematically devoting its energies to the meanest ends, yet unable wholly to deny its native magnanimity—these form a splendid gallery of subjects for portraiture, to which the historian has rendered ample justice. It is only when we arrive at the enigmatical figure of Alexander VI. that the fidelity of his delineation appears questionable. It is certainly true that a more attentive investigation of manuscript sources of information has of late years thrown a new light on the character of this Pontiff, and exhibited the sinister tyrant of tradition in the light of an affable and not ungenial personage, at least as much devoted to amusement as to intrigue. It seems, however, rather too wide an induction from this premiss to stigmatize, with Herr Gregorovius, Alexander as a mere voluptuary, incapable of conceiving a systematic scheme of policy, and whose very ambition was narrow and egotistical. In fact, almost every glimpse we obtain of this Pope as a statesman shows penetration and sagacity; the admirable order maintained by him in Rome throughout his pontificate attests personal ascendancy no less than administrative ability; and his schemes for the aggrandizement of his family so far outran the commonplace nepotism of preceding and succeeding Popes, that their success would have rendered the Papacy itself only an appendage of the kingdom he strove to build up for his son. Of the utter immorality of his character, personal and political, there can be no doubt; it can only be said that his profligacy does not seem to have surpassed that of the average cardinals, or his perfidy that of the average monarchs, of his time. Most of the more romantic anecdotes current respecting him are properly disregarded by Gregorovius, who might have extended his scepticism to the story of his death by poison prepared for another, which, though significant as an illustration of the popular estimate of his character, rests on no good authority, and is irreconcilable with the well-authenticated circumstances of his last illness. The last chapters of the volume contain an interesting survey of the topography, ruins, and public edifices of Rome at the end of the fifteenth century, and an account of the architects and other artists who contributed to the embellishment of the city. The next volume, completing the work, will bring it down to the sack of Rome by the Constable Bourbon's army.

The third volume of Dr. Reuchlin's history of Italy † comprises the period from the French expedition to Rome to the last Ministry of Cavour. The style is not attractive, but the importance of the events described and the evidences of adequate knowledge and sound sense bestow interest and value on the work. Cavour is the dominant figure, and his merits are certainly not exaggerated, though it must be regretted that they should be allowed to throw those of every one else so completely into the shade. The author's moderation and sobriety, involving a decided dryness and an entire lack of imagination, render him exceedingly unsympathetic towards the "party of action," who are treated much in the same way as their own authorities are accustomed to treat the Constitutionals. It is sufficiently clear to impartial judges that Cavour's and Mazzini's share in the national regeneration was about equal, and that neither could have effected

* *Geschichte der Stadt Rom im Mittelalter*. Von F. Gregorovius. Bd. 7. Stuttgart: Cotta. London: Williams & Norgate.

† *Geschichte Italiens von der Gründung der regierenden Dynastien bis zur Gegenwart*. Von Dr. H. Reuchlin. Th. 3. Leipzig: Hirzel. London: Williams & Norgate.

anything without the other; but the age of impartiality has not arrived in this department of history. As might be anticipated from his mental characteristics, the weak side of Dr. Reuchlin's work is his treatment of the popular sentiment, except indeed when he has to show how the strength of national feeling disappointed Napoleon's schemes for seating his cousin on the throne of Tuscany, and subsequently for a Federation under the nominal presidency of the Pope. It is curious to observe how the Emperor's policy was defeated by the same cause which subsequently occasioned its more signal failure in Mexico and Germany—an utter unacquaintance with popular feeling, or else a cynical ignoring of the strength which patriotism confers upon the weakest nations. A mere knowledge of the worst side of human nature, however thorough, is evidently of itself an insufficient qualification for statesmanship. This portion of Dr. Reuchlin's history is very good; he is, however, still more at home in following the mazes of diplomacy, and pointing out the influence of the mutual relations of the Great Powers upon the fortunes of Italy. His exposure of the utter perversity of the Austrian policy, foreign and domestic, is very impressive.

Herr von Arneth's history of the reign of the Empress Maria Theresa* from the close of the War of Succession to the commencement of the Seven Years' War (1748—1756) is a valuable addition to his numerous publications on the history of Austria during the last century. It treats principally of the political and financial reforms introduced by the Empress after her accession, and of the diplomatic negotiations which preceded and prepared the Seven Years' War. Maria Theresa's administrative reforms followed the usual course of those effected by the able sovereigns of the eighteenth century, consisting mainly in the concentration of authority in a single hand, and the abolition of the excessive privileges of the nobility and clergy. The finances and the army were both thoroughly reorganized, and the way was thus prepared for that attempt to take signal vengeance on Prussia which was no doubt the principal actuating motive of these energetic measures. Austria could not venture, however, to assail Frederick single-handed, and her endeavours to obtain allies occasioned a long series of diplomatic intrigues, principally with France and Russia, the history of which is patiently unravelled by Herr von Arneth, with the aid of the archives to which he has access. Nothing can be clearer than that an attack on Frederick was long planned and carefully premeditated, and that the latter's audacious and apparently lawless aggression upon Saxony was substantially, if not formally, justified by the information in his possession. The imputation, therefore, of his having recklessly caused the Seven Years' War falls to the ground, upon the evidence of his enemies, except so far as it was the result of his rapacious and unprincipled policy in the War of Succession. The general resemblance between the characters, objects, methods, and successes of the great Prussian ruler of the eighteenth and the great Prussian Minister of the nineteenth century is a striking illustration of the tendency of history to repeat itself.

The second part of T. Fontane's history of the war of 1866† is entirely occupied with the battle of Sadowa, and the march of the victorious army to Vienna. The nature of the work is sufficiently indicated by the scale on which it is undertaken; it is a mass of information, not unskillfully arranged, and digested into the form of a narrative with tolerable dexterity, but rather the raw material of history than history itself. It is profusely illustrated with portraits, plans, and sketches of encounters. Another volume will detail the operations in the minor German States and in Italy, and set the writer at liberty for a similar encyclopædic detail of the more recent exploits of the German arms. The moderation and candour of his tone towards the vanquished is alike creditable to him and to the public for which he writes, and of whose sentiments the professedly popular character of his work allows us to consider him a fair representative.

We cannot say as much for Dr. A. Pfaff‡, whose idea of collecting all the valiant deeds, wise sayings, and patriotic manifestations of his countrymen, as a contrast to an enumeration of all speeches and occurrences in any way discreditable to the enemy, might at first sight appear an unparalleled instance of grotesque and offensive bad taste. The compiler explains, however, that he has laboured under the groundless apprehension that his countrymen might be disposed to treat the vanquished foe with too much lenity, and that he has devised a course of meditation on their own virtues and the wickedness of their adversaries, as a suitable corrective for any such unseasonable weakness.

It is a relief to turn to the grave and dignified utterances of Professor Bluntschli§, who, on opening the winter session of the University of Heidelberg, has taken occasion to deliver an address reviewing some of the principal questions of public law raised by the present contest; such as the employment of African troops and franc-tireurs, and the export of arms from neutral States; concluding with some excellent admonitions to his countrymen respecting the duties imposed on them by their new position in Europe. Professor Bluntschli speaks throughout with the impartiality of a jurist.

* *Maria Theresia nach dem Erbfolgekriege.* Von Alfred Ritter von Arneth. Wien: Braumüller. London: Williams & Norgate.

† *Der deutsche Krieg von 1866.* Von Th. Fontane. Bd. 1. Abth. 2. Berlin: Decker. London: Williams & Norgate.

‡ *La Grande Nation in ihrer Reden und Thaten etc.* Von Dr. A. Pfaff. Cassel: Kay. London: Williams & Norgate.

§ *Das moderne Völkerrecht in dem französischen-deutschen Kriege.* Von Dr. J. C. Bluntschli. Heidelberg: Bassermann. London: Williams & Norgate.

"Hellas and Rome," by Dr. A. Forbiger*, is a work after the pattern of Becker's *Charicles* and *Gallus*, in which the attempt is made to relieve the dryness of archaeological investigations by presenting their results in the form of a fiction. The machinery employed in this instance is the journal of a Greek traveller, who is supposed to perform a journey to Rome in the age of the Antonines. The plan is open to the obvious objection of obliging the supposed explorer to describe continually, in the most circumstantial manner, objects and incidents which must have been perfectly familiar to him at home. There is also no attempt at antique colouring or dramatic propriety, the classical traveller's diction and the style of his reflections being precisely those of a German of the nineteenth century. This necessarily causes a sense of unreality which spoils the book for classical scholars, while it may be feared that it is still somewhat too erudite for the general reader, especially if that personage is expected to examine, much more to verify, the innumerable quotations by which the accuracy of every remark is attested. These notes are perhaps the most valuable part of the book, bringing the results of very wide reading into a very narrow compass, and affording a classified index of references to the original sources of information on archaeological subjects. But, whatever exceptions may be taken to the author's method, it must be allowed to possess its advantages; the description, for example, of the Roman lady at her toilet conveys a much more vivid idea of the process than would have been obtained from the mere enumeration of the articles of apparel in a dictionary. The work is divided into six sections, treating of the journey to Rome, the topography and municipal arrangements of the city, domestic life in town, rural life, women of all classes, and dramatic and other public spectacles. There is one curious oversight in the last-named chapter, where the Greek is made to express surprise at the absence of a chorus from the Roman stage, as if the Athenian New Comedy possessed one. A companion volume is to be added, treating of Greek private life in the same manner.

The most important of the collected Essays of the late Dr. Nitzsch†, so far as the first volume extends, is a very elaborate reply to Möhler's famous "Symbolik" contained in a review of that work, reprinted from *Theologische Studien und Kritiken*.

Herr Romang's Essays on the reconciliation of religion with criticism‡, like most such apparent efforts at mediation, are merely a polemic in disguise. The author's professions of candour are very large, but when it comes to the point, he can hardly bring himself to allow that the State ought not to interfere in matters of religion. A somewhat grudging admission of the inexpediency, rather than of the impropriety, of such interference is about the extent of his concession to his opponents.

The concluding volume of Hermann Hettner's "History of German Literature during the Eighteenth Century"§ is the most interesting of all; the historian's power seems to expand with his subject. Under the title of "The Ideal of Humanity," it is principally devoted to a view of the mutual relations of Goethe and Schiller, and the works to which their influence on each other gave rise. The narrative of the circumstances connected with the production of these immortal writings possesses the highest interest, and is exceedingly well related by Herr Hettner, whose own comments are those of a refined and intelligent critic. The writers of the Romantic School, Jean Paul, Hölderlin, and others who may be considered to have followed up the path deserted by Goethe and Schiller, receive adequate notice, and the only fault of the work is its cessation at one of the most interesting periods of German literature. The limitation to the eighteenth century, however, is not interpreted with such strictness as to exclude notices of Goethe's works posterior to this date.

The second part of Dr. Gustav Jäger's "Zoological Letters"|| is mainly occupied with the most obscure problems of biology—the nature of the primitive cell, and its relation to the formless protoplasm out of which it is evolved. The origin of this rudimentary matter of life itself is apparently ascribed to electric action occasioned by the juxtaposition of its component elements, and it is contended that the simple cell is capable of propagation by a self-impregnating process. These difficult inquiries are explained with as much lucidity as the subject allows, and the book is beautifully illustrated with wood engravings of extreme delicacy.

The interest of a spiritual drama on the legend of St. Agnes¶, unique among the remains of Provençal literature, discovered in the library of Prince Chigi by Karl Bartsch, is rather philological than literary. From the occurrence of songs interspersed among the speeches, it is of considerable importance for the study of Provençal metre; the language, in the editor's opinion, shows it to belong to the latest epoch of the literature, and induces him to place it in the thirteenth century. It is accompanied by copious

* *Hellas und Rom. Populäre Darstellung des öffentlichen und häuslichen Lebens der Griechen und Römer.* Von Dr. A. Forbiger. Bd. 1. Abth. 1. Leipzig: Fues. London: Williams & Norgate.

† *Gesammelte Abhandlungen.* Von Dr. C. J. Nitzsch. Bd. 1. Gotha: Perthes. London: Williams & Norgate.

‡ *Ueber wichtigere Fragen der Religion.* Von J. P. Romang. Heidelberg: Winter. London: Nutt.

§ *Geschichte der deutschen Literatur im achtzehnten Jahrhundert.* Von Hermann Hettner. Bch. 3. Abth. 1. Braunschweig: Vieweg. London: Williams & Norgate.

|| *Zoologische Briefe.* Von Dr. G. Jäger. Lief. 2. Wien: Braumüller. London: Williams & Norgate.

¶ *Sancta Agnes. Provenzalisches geistliches Schauspiel.* Herausgegeben von Karl Bartsch. Berlin: Weber. London: Williams & Norgate.

